



Fable decorating Truth.



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The
FABULATOR
or the
HALL of ÆSOP,
*being a Selection of Fables in
Prose & Verse from the most
Esteemed Authors.*
By WILLIAM HODGSON, M.D.



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PRE FACE.

PERHAPS no invention which the fertility of human genius has hitherto produced, has been attended with more happy effects than the introduction of **FABLES**.

Long and reiterated experience has proved **FABLE** to be the best medium through which **MORAL TRUTH** can be conveyed to the mind of man; it combines every requisite to render it useful by uniting pleasure with instruction.

FABLE, from the simplicity of its garb, the extreme facility with which it may be understood, and its fascinating charms, has recommended itself equally to the Nursery, the School, and the Closet. It affords entertainment both to youth and to age; and it not unfrequently happens that men consent to receive advice by this mode, who obstinately refuse to listen to it when conveyed to them through any other channel.

If a **VICE** is to be lashed, or a **VIRTUE** to be held up for imitation, no way is so well calculated to draw general attention from the busy throng of men, as the dressing them up in the form of **FABLE**; it calls their reasoning faculties into action in despite of themselves; they are arrested by something of which they are necessitated to acknowledge the power; and those men who would fly with disgust from him who should faithfully delineate to them the depravity of their characters, can yet bear to contemplate with cool reflection the **VICE** which debases their nature when fabulously depicted; and feel themselves irresistibly impelled to express horror at the recital, and to condemn that, when represented in another, which forms the most prominent and distinguishing feature in their own conduct.

The cause of **TRUTH** has not a more powerful advocate than **FABLE**, which does nothing more than embellish it with the most seducing orna-

ments, and display it under the most attractive colours. **TRUTH**, in the hands of a **FABULIST**, may be compared to a portrait painted by the late **SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS**, who not only produced a correct resemblance of his subject; but by his art and manner of disposing of his tints, excited universal curiosity and admiration.

The **EDITOR** of the following sheets can claim no merit from his production, as the fame of those men of whose labours he has availed himself, stands firm on the broad basis of general approbation, and sanctioned by the hand of time; his only object has been to draw into a smaller compass, and bring together, at a more moderate expence than has hitherto been done, the works of the various **FABULISTS** who at different periods have graced their species, and done honour to our nation.

In doing this he conceives he shall have rendered some trifling assistance to the glorious cause of **TRUTH**, that he shall, in some measure, be instrumental in promoting the progress of sound **MORALITY**, and be contributory to the entertainment and instruction of his fellow creatures, by placing, within the reach of every pocket, those useful lessons which have, at various times, emanated from men whose hearts were warmed with philanthropy, and who had the additional advantage of being blessed with genius, and of having drank deeply at the fountains of erudition.

He therefore indulges the hope, that the public will receive **THE FABULATOR** with the same complacency they have already shewn to his two former compilations, "**THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO**," and "**THE GLEANER**;" and that they will give him credence when he asserts, that the first wish of his heart is, that he may be able to add one more supporter to the sacred shrine of **VIRTUE**.



The Editor.

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THE FABULATOR;

OR,

THE HALL OF ÆSOP.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of WIDOW, MAID, and WIFE,
 That honour is a WOMAN's life;
 Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being in the breath of fame,
 Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep SABÆ's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along ARABIA's shore.
 The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure;
 But WOMAN! no redemption knows,
 The wounds of honour never close.

B

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,
 In vain she seeks the friendly shore,
 Her swifter folly flies before ;
 The circling ports against her close,
 And shut the wand'rer from repose,
 'Till by conflicting waves opprest,
 Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
 For but a single error?—None !
 Tho' WOMAN is avow'd of old,
 No daughter of celestial mould ;
 Her temp'ring not without allay,
 And form'd but of the finer clay ;
 We challenge from the mortal dame,
 The strength angelic nature's claim ;
 Nay more—for sacred stories tell,
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know ;
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow ;
 The moon repletes her waining face,
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace ;
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise, with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart ;
 'Tis hence, reviving warmth is seen,
 To clothe a naked world in green ;
 No longer bar'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold ;



Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
 Again from ev'ry latent root,
 The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies,
 Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak WOMAN then disown
 The change to which a world is prone?
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
 Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
 What we demand of WOMAN?—Yes!

But should the spark of vestal fire,
 In some unguarded hour expire;
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 HESPERIA's chaste and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoils possess'd,
 The dragon, honour, charm'd to rest,
 Shall VIRTUE's flame no more return?
 No more with virgin splendour burn?
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No!
 Pity may mourn, but not restore,
 And WOMAN falls—to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies—no matter where;
 The clime may readily be found,
 By all who tread poetic ground;
 A stream, call'd LIFE, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides;
 And here, of VICE the province lies,
 And there, the hills of VIRTUE rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect as repose;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And TEMP'RANCE, and RELIGION, nam'd.

A numerous progeny divine,
 Confess'd the honours of their line;
 But in a little daughter fair
 Was center'd more than half their care;
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth:
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And CHASTITY the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
 Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And NATURE yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen;
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd:

" O joyful cause of many a care!

" O daughter, too divinely fair!

" Yon world, on this important day,

" Demands thee to a dang'rous way;

" A painful journey all must go,

" Whose doubtful period none can know;

" Whose due direction who can find,

" Where REASON's mute, and SENSE is blind!

" Ah! what unequal leaders these,

" Thro' such a wide perplexing maze!

" Then mark the warnings of the wise,

" And learn what love and years advise.

" Far to the right thy prospect bend,

" Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;

“ Lo ! there the arduous path’s in view,
“ Which VIRTUE, and her sons, pursue;
“ With toil, o’er less’ning earth they rise,
“ And gain, and gain, upon the skies.—
“ Narrow’s the way her children tread,
“ No walk for pleasure, smoothly spread;
“ But rough, and difficult, and steep,
“ Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
“ Fruits immature those lands dispense,
“ A food indelicate to sense,
“ Of taste unpleasant, yet from those
“ Pure HEALTH, with cheerful VIGOUR, flows;
“ And strength unfeeling of decay,
“ Throughout the long laborious way.
“ Hence, as they scale that heav’nly road,
“ Each limb is lighten’d of its load;
“ From earth refining still they go,
“ And leave the mortal weight below;
“ Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
“ And smooth the rugged path appears;
“ For custom turns fatigue to ease,
“ And, taught by VIRTUE, PAIN can please.
“ At length, the toilsome journey o’er,
“ And near the bright celestial shore,
“ A gulph, black, fearful and profound,
“ Appears, of either world the bound.
“ Thro’ darkness, leading up to light,
“ Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
“ For there the transitory train,
“ Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
“ And matter’s gross incumb’ring mass,
“ Man’s late associate’s cannot pass,
“ But sinking, quit the immortal charge,
“ And leave the wond’ring soul at large;
“ Lightly she wings her obvious way,
“ And mingles with eternal day.
“ Thither, O thither, wing thy speed,
“ Tho’ PLEASURE charm, or PAIN impede;

“ To such th’ all-bounteous pow’r has giv’n,
“ For present earth, a future heav’n;
“ For trivial loss, unmeasur’d gain,
“ And endless bliss, for transient pain.
“ Then fear, ah! fear, to turn thy sight,
“ Where yonder flow’ry fields invite;
“ Wide on the left the path-way bends,
“ And with pernicious ease descends;
“ There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
“ New-planted EDEN seems to blów;
“ Trees that delicious poison bear,
“ For DEATH is vegetable there.
“ Hence is the frame of health unbrac’d,
“ Each sinew slack’ning at the taste;
“ The soul to passion yields her throne,
“ And sees with organs not her own;
“ While, like the slumb’rer in the night,
“ Pleas’d with the shadowy dream of light,
“ Before her alienated eyes
“ The scenes of fairy-land arise;
“ The puppet-world’s amusing show,
“ Dipt in the gaily colour’d bow;
“ Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt’ring things,
“ The toys of infants and of kings,
“ That tempt along the baneful plain,
“ The idly wise, and lightly vain;
“ ’Till verging on the gulphy shore,
“ Sudden they sink, to rise no more.
“ But list to what thy FATES declare,
“ Tho’ thou art WOMAN, frail as fair,
“ If once thy sliding foot should stray,
“ Once quit yon heav’n-appointed way,
“ For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
“ Nor pray’rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
“ Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
“ On thy returning steps shall wait.—
“ Thy form be loath’d by ev’ry-eye,
“ And ev’ry foot thy presence fly.”

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around;
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While HONOUR, hand-maid, late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin-vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to HEAV'N, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy MAY,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in every breast;
The cheek with-secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The SUN with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
While NATURE, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest,
The nymph her travel'd step repress'd,

Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet PERDITION lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below ;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commisson'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes.

But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd ;
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching SIRENS sung :

- ' Hither, fairest, hither haste,
- ' Brightest beauty, come and taste
- ' What the pow'rs of bliss unfold ;
- ' Joys too mighty to be told ;
- ' Taste what ecstasies they give,
- ' Dying raptures taste, and live.
- ' In thy lap, disdaining measure,
- ' NATURE empties all her treasure ;
- ' Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
- ' Fierce delights, that rise to anguish :
- ' Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
- ' Brightest beauty, come away !
- ' List not, when the froward chide,
- ' Sons of pedantry and pride ;
- ' Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
- ' APRIL sun-shine is offence ;
- ' Age and envy will advise,
- ' Ev'n against the joys they prize.
- ' Come, in PLEASURE's balmy bowl
- ' Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
- ' 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
- ' With enjoyment, past the painting :

‘ Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 ‘ Brightest beauty, come away !’

So sung the SIRENS, as of yore,
 Upon the false AUSONIAN shore ;
 And, O ! for that preventing chain,
 That bound ULYSSES on the main,
 That so our FAIR ONE might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm’d attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 CURIOSITY with prying eyes,
 And hand of busy, bold, emprise ;
 Like HERMES, feather’d were her feet,
 And like fore-running fancy fleet ;
 By search untaught, by toil untir’d,
 To novelty she still aspir’d,
 Tasteless of ev’ry good possess’d,
 And but in expectation bless’d.

With her, associate, PLEASURE came,
 Gay PLEASURE, frolic-loving dame !
 Her mien, all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties, half reveal’d to sight ;
 Loose flow’d her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around.
 As erst MEDUSA’s looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone,
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of pleasure melt.
 Her glance of sweet persuasion charm’d,
 Unnerv’d the strong, the steel’d disarm’d ;
 No safety, ev’n the flying find,
 Who, vent’rous, looks not once behind.

Thus was the much admiring maid,
 While distant, more than half betray’d.
 With smiles, and adulation bland,
 They join’d her side and seiz’d her hand ;
 Their touch envenom’d sweets instill’d,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill’d,

While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest ARABIA's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where BARCA's flow'ry clime invites;
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurks the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
To shun the much suspected shore
In vain: the tide too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The DAMES, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew;
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant, maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and HEAV'N restor'd;
Till then, with weeping HONOUR wait,
The servant of her better fate,
With HONOUR left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you, yourselves, are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when with slumb'rous weight oppress'd
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away:
He, borne where golden INDUS streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like MIDAS, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the NYMPH, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like NIOBE, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O! thou curs'd insidious coast,
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, VIRTUE! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind!
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
Ye mountains cover me! she cry'd.

Her trumpet SLANDER rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
CONTEMPT discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
REPROACH breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;
OFFICIOUS SHAME, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side;
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do; attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?

So trusting, back the mourners flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore attain'd,
Again the land of VIRTUE gain'd;
But ECHO gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd! with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where PEACE was wreck'd, and HONOUR lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain;
To HEAV'N, not daring to complain;
No truce, by hostile CLAMOUR giv'n,
And from the face of FRIENDSHIP driv'n;
The NYMPH sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
VIRTUE, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below:
Superior goddess! essence bright!
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day;
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire;
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To raise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,

Which three sad sisters of the shade,
PAIN, CARE, and MELANCHOLY, made.

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound,
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill;
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

- “ Lovely PENITENT, arise,
“ Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
“ Come, thy sister angels say,
“ Thou hast wept thy stains away.
“ Let experience now decide,
“ ’Twixt the good and evil, try’d,
“ In the smooth enchanted ground,
“ Say, unfold the treasures found.
“ Structures rais’d by morning dreams,
“ Sands that trip the flitting streams,
“ Down that anchors on the air,
“ Clouds that paint their changes there.
“ Seas that smoothly dimpling lie,
“ While the storm impends on high,
“ Showing in an obvious glass,
“ Joys that in possession pass.
“ Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
“ Flatt’ring, only to betray;
“ What, alas! can life contain?
“ Life, like all its circles, vain.
“ Will the STORK, intending rest,
“ On the billow build her nest?
“ Will the BEE demand his store
“ From the bleak and bladeless shore?

“ MAN alone, intent to stray,
“ Ever turns from WISDOM's way;
“ Lays up wealth in foreign land,
“ Sows the sea, and plows the sand.
“ Soon this elemental mass,
“ Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass;
“ Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
“ TIME be spent, and LIFE expire.
“ Then, ye boasted works of men!
“ Where is your asylum then?
“ Sons of PLEASURE, sons of CARE,
“ Tell me, mortals, tell we where?
“ Gone, like traces on the deep,
“ Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep;
“ Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
“ Melting snows and gliding shades.
“ Pass the world, and what's behind?
“ Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
“ From an universe deprav'd,
“ From the wreck of nature sav'd.
“ Like the life-supporting grain,
“ Fruit of patience, and of pain,
“ On the swain's autumnal day,
“ Winnow'd from the chaff away.
“ Little TREMBLER, fear no more,
“ Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
“ Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
“ More than all thy scorers own.
“ What, tho' hostile earth despise,
“ Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
“ Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
“ Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.
“ When the fatal trump shall sound,
“ When th' immortals pour around,
“ Heav'n shall thy return attest,
“ Hail'd by myriad's of the bless'd.
“ Little native of the skies,
“ Lovely PENITENT, arise,

- " Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
 " VIRTUE is thy sister now.
 " More delightful are my woes
 " Than the rapture PLEASURE knows;
 " Richer far the weeds I bring
 " Than the robes that grace a king.
 " On my wars of shortest date,
 " Crowns of endless triumph wait;
 " On my cares a period bless'd,
 " On my toils eternal rest.
 " Come, with VIRTUE at thy side,
 " Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
 " 'Till we gain our native shore;
 " Sister, come, and turn no more."
-

THE FROGS PETITIONING JUPITER FOR A KING.

AS ÆSOP was travelling over GREECE, he happened to pass through ATHENS just after PISISTRATUS had abolished the popular state, and usurped a sovereign power; when perceiving that the ATHENIANS bore the yoke, though mild and easy, with much impatience, he related to them the following fable:

The commonwealth of FROGS, a discontented, variable race, weary of liberty, and fond of change, petitioned JUPITER to grant them a king. The good-natured deity, in order to indulge this their request, with as little mischief to the petitioners as possible, threw them down a LOG. At first they regarded their new monarch with great reverence, and kept from him at a most respectful distance: but perceiving his tame and peaceable disposition, they by degrees ventured to approach him with more familiarity, till at length they conceived for him the utmost contempt. In this disposition, they

renewed their request to JUPITER, and intreated him to bestow upon them another king. The THUNDERER in his wrath sent them a CRANE, who no sooner took possession of his new dominions, than he began to devour his subjects one after another, in a most capricious and tyrannical manner. They were now far more dissatisfied than before; when applying to JUPITER a third time, they were dismissed with this reproof, that the evil they complained of they had imprudently brought upon themselves; and that they had no other remedy now but to submit to it with patience.

MORAL.

'Tis better to bear with some defects in a mild and gentle government, than to risque the greater evils of tyranny and persecution.

THE

SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock and penn'd the fold,
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew:
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep PHILOSOPHER (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The SHEPHERD's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?

Hast thou old GREECE and ROME survey'd,
 And the vast sense of PLATO weigh'd?
 Hath SOCRATES thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?
 Or, like the wise ULYSSES, thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The SHEPHERD modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes;
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple NATURE drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to VICE.
 The daily labours of the BEE
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ANT,
 And not provide for future want?
 My DOG (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind.
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy TRAY.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the DOVE.
 The HEN, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From NATURE too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.

Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn OWL despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right;
 Rapacious animals we hate,
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind?
 But ENVY, CALUMNY and SPITE,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.
 Thy fame is just, the SAGE replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise,
 Pride often guides the author's pen,
 Books as affected are as men:
 But he who studies NATURE's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom;
 Up with the sun, from short repose,
 Gay HEALTH, and lusty LABOUR, rose;
 The milk-maid carol'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
 When LOVE, who led a rural life,
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
 Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye;
 He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air;
 Her steps that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence and ease;
 And curious to inquire, what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant:
 The lady, slightly—"sir, your servant."

'Such beauty in so rude a place!
 'Fair one, you do the country grace;
 'At court, no doubt, the public care,
 'But LOVE has small acquaintance there.'
 "Yes, sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
 "This form confesses whence it came;
 "But dear VARIETY, you know,
 "Can make us pride and pomp forego;
 "My name is VANITY: I sway
 "The utmost islands of the sea;
 "Within my court all honour centers,
 "I raise the meanest soul that enters,
 "Endow with latent gifts and graces,
 "And model fools for posts and places.
 "As VANITY appoints at pleasure,
 "The world receives its weight and measure;
 "Hence all the grand concerns of life,
 "Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.
 "Reflect how far my pow'r prevails
 "When I step in, where NATURE fails;
 "And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
 "Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.
 "But chief, in all their arts and airs,
 "Their playing, painting, pouts and pray'rs,
 "Their various habits and complexions,
 "Fits, frolics, foibles and perfections,
 "Their robing, curling, and adorning,
 "From noon to night, from night to morning,

“ From six to sixty, sick or sound,
“ I rule the female world around.”—
‘ Hold there a moment, CUPID cry’d,
‘ Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
‘ Was there no province to invade,
‘ But that by love and meekness sway’d;
‘ All other empire I resign,
‘ But be the sphere of beauty mine.
‘ For in the downy lawn of rest,
‘ That opens on a woman’s breast,
‘ Attended by my peaceful train,
‘ I choose to live, and choose to reign.
‘ Far-sighted FAITH I bring along,
‘ And TRUTH, above an army strong,
‘ And CHASTITY, of icy mould,
‘ Within the burning tropics cold;
‘ And LOWLINESS, to whose mild brow
‘ The pow’r and pride of nations bow;
‘ And MODESTY, with down-cast eye,
‘ That lends the morn her virgin dye;
‘ And INNOCENCE, array’d in light,
‘ And HONOUR, as a tow’r upright;
‘ With sweetly winning graces, more
‘ Than poets ever dreamt of yore;
‘ In unaffected conduct free,
‘ All smiling sisters, three times three;
‘ And rosy PEACE, the cherub bless’d,
‘ That nightly sings us all to rest.
‘ Hence, from the bud of NATURE’s prime,
‘ From the first step of infant time,
‘ Woman, the world’s appointed light,
‘ Has skirted ev’ry shade with white;
‘ Has stood for imitation high,
‘ To ev’ry heart, and ev’ry eye;
‘ From ancient deeds of fair renown,
‘ Has brought her bright memorials down;
‘ To time affix’d perpetual youth,
‘ And form’d each tale of love and truth.

‘ Upon a new PROMETHEAN plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And as a better soul inspires.
‘ The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek and checks the bold;
Calls SLOTH from his supine repose,
Within the coward’s bosom glows;
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess’d;
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines;
The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts :
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt.
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens DUCALION’s flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
‘ Thus arm’d to all that’s light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by heav’n assign’d,
And rul’d by me, o’er-rules mankind.’
He spoke.—The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew’d :
“ And pray, sir, may I be so bold,
“ To hope your pretty tale is told ;
“ And next demand without a cavil,
“ What new UTOPIA do you travel ?
“ Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
“ Shew depth of learning in romances.
“ Why, what unfashion’d stuff you tell us,
“ Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows !
“ Go, child, and when you’re grown maturer,
“ You’ll shoot your next opinion surer.
“ O, such a pretty knack at painting,
“ And all for soft’ning, and for sainting ;

" Guess now, who can, a single feature,
 " Thro' the whole piece of female nature:
 " Then, mark! my looser hand may fit
 " The lines too coarse for love to hit.
 " 'Tis said, that woman prone to changing,
 " Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
 " On life's uncertain ocean riding,
 " No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
 " Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
 " Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
 " Tractless and shifting as the wind,
 " A sea whose fathom none can find;
 " A moon, still changing and revolving,
 " A riddle, past all human solving;
 " A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
 " A — something, that no man can tell.
 " Now learn a secret from a friend,
 " But keep, your council and attend:
 " Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
 " Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
 " 'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
 " And ev'ry woman is the same.
 " For as the world, however vary'd,
 " And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
 " Of elemental modes and forms,
 " Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms;
 " Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
 " Is of one subject matter made;
 " So, sir, a woman's constitution,
 " The world's enigma finds solution.
 " And let her form be what you will,
 " I am the subject essence still.
 " With the first spark of female sense,
 " The speck of being, I commence;
 " Within the womb make fresh advances,
 " And dictate future qualms and fancies;
 " Thence in the growing form expand,
 " With childhood travel hand in hand,

“ And give a taste of all their joys,
“ In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
“ And now familiar and unaw’d,
“ I send the flutt’ring soul abroad;
“ Prais’d for her shape, her air, her mien,
“ The little goddess, and the queen,
“ Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
“ And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.
“ Now, blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
“ To dress becomes her darling care;
“ The realms of beauty then I bound,
“ I swell the hoop’s enchanting round;
“ Shrink in the waist’s descending size,
“ Heav’d in the snowy bosom rise,
“ High on the floating lappet sail,
“ Or curl’d in tresses kiss the gale.
“ Then to her glass I lead the fair,
“ And shew the lovely idol there,
“ Where, struck as by divine emotion,
“ She bows with most sincere devotion;
“ And numb’ring ev’ry beauty o’er,
“ In secret bids the world adore.
“ Then all for parking and parading,
“ Coqueting, dancing, masquerading;
“ For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!
“ And churches, sometimes, if the fashion:
“ For woman’s sense of right and wrong,
“ Is rul’d by the almighty throng;
“ Still turns to each meander tame,
“ And swims the straw of ev’ry stream.
“ Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
“ Accomplish’d only in defects,
“ Such excellence is her ambition,
“ Folly her wisest acquisition;
“ And ev’n from pity and disdain,
“ She’ll cull some reason to be vain.
“ Thus, sir, from ev’ry form and feature,
“ The wealth and wants of female nature,

“ And ev’n from vice, which you’d admire,
“ I gather fuel to my fire,
“ And on the very base of shame,
“ Erect my monument of fame.
“ Let me another truth attempt,
“ Of which your godship has not dreamt :
“ Those shining virtues which you muster,
“ Whence think you they derive their lustre ?
“ From native honour and devotion !
“ O yes ! a mighty likely notion !
“ Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
“ ’Tis I make saints, whoe’er make sinners ;
“ ’Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
“ And hold presumptuous man in awe ;
“ For female worth as I inspire,
“ In just degrees, still mounts the higher,
“ And VIRTUE so extremely nice,
“ Demands long toil and mighty price ;
“ Like SAMPSON’S pillars, fix’d elate,
“ I bear the sex’s tott’ring state ;
“ Sap these, and in a moment’s space,
“ Down sinks the fabric to its base.
“ Alike from titles, and from toys,
“ I spring, the fount of female joys ;
“ In ev’ry widow, wife, and miss,
“ The sole artificer of bliss.
“ For them each tropic I explore ;
“ I cleave the sand of ev’ry shore ;
“ To them uniting INDIA’S sail,
“ SABÆA breathes her farthest gale,
“ For them the bullion I refine,
“ Dig sense and virtue from the mine ;
“ And from the bowels of invention,
“ Spin out the various arts you mention.
“ Nor bliss alone my pow’rs bestow,
“ They hold the sov’reign balm of woe ;
“ Beyond the stoic’s boasted art,
“ I soothe the heavings of the heart ;

“ To pain give splendor, and relief,
“ And gild the pallid face of grief.
“ Alike the palace and the plain,
“ Admit the glories of my reign;
“ Thro’ ev’ry age, in ev’ry nation,
“ Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
“ Whate’er a woman says, I say;
“ Whate’er a woman spends, I pay;
“ Alike I fill and empty bags,
“ Flutter in finery and rags;
“ With light coquets thro’ folly range,
“ And with the prude disdain to change.
“ And now, you’d think, ’twixt you and I,
“ That things were ripe for a reply—
“ But soft—and while I’m in the mood,
“ Kindly permit me to conclude;
“ Their utmost mazes to unravel,
“ And touch the farthest step they travel.
“ When ev’ry pleasure’s run a-ground;
“ And folly tir’d thro’ many a round;
“ The nymph conceiving discontent hence,
“ May ripen to an hour’s repentance,
“ And vapours shed in pious moisture,
“ Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
“ Then on I lead her, with devotion
“ Conspicuous in her dress and motion;
“ Inspire the heav’nly-breathing air,
“ Roll up the lucid eye in pray’r,
“ Soften the voice, and in the face
“ Look melting harmony and grace.
“ Thus far extends my friendly pow’r,
“ Nor quits her in her latest hour;
“ The couch of decent pain I spread,
“ In form recline her languid head;
“ Her thoughts I methodize in death,
“ And part not with her parting breath,
“ Then do I set, in order bright,
“ A length of fun’ral pomp to sight;

"The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
"The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
"And last, presenting to her eye,
"Angelic fineries on high,
"To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
"And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter."
"In truth," rejoin'd LOVE's gentle god,
"You've gone a tedious length of road;
"And, strange! in all the toilsome way,
"No house of kind refreshment lay;
"No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
"To hold her from her sex exempted,"
"For one, we'll never quarrel, man,
"Take her, and keep her, if you can;
"And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
"Since every fair, by such permission,
"Will hold herself the one selected,
"And so my system stands protected."
"O deaf to VIRTUE, deaf to GLORY,
"To truths divinely vouch'd in story!"
The godhead, in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
HYPsipyle, who sav'd her sire;
And PORTIA's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike PENELOPE was quoted,
Nor laurel'd DAPHNE pass'd unnoted,
Nor LAODAMIA's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd LUCRETIA, honour's martyr,
ALCESTE's voluntary steel,
And CATHERINE smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades, or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things, call'd fables!
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view,
A goddess whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
Where not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,
Once PRUDENCE call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old ROME CORNELIA nam'd.

Quick, at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related;
The case was short—They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion;
When thus the goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

“ Alas! how willing to comply,
“ Yet how unfit a judge am I!
“ In times of golden date, 'tis true,
“ I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
“ But from their presence long precluded,
“ Or held as one whose form intruded,
“ Full fifty annual suns can tell,
“ Prudence has bid the sex farewell.”

In this dilemma, what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake;

With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
Trip'd lightly by them o'er the green.

'Now, now!' cry'd LOVE's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd;
'If VANITY will once be guided,
'Our diff'rence soon may be decided:
'Behold yon wench, a fit occasion,
'To try your force of gay persuasion.—
'Go you, while I retire aloof,
'Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
'And if your prevalence of art
'Transcends my yet unerring dart,
'I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
'And ne'er will boast my empire more.'

At once, so said and so consented,
And well our goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the GODHEAD, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head,
The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the DAME, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush'd to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world revealed to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade;
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond desire.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

ild, GENIUS, blest term of meaning wide,
 For sure no term so misapply'd;
 How many bear thy sacred name,
 That never felt a real flame!
 Proud of the specious appellation,
 Thus fools have christen'd inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratia, me or you;
 Whate'er he tries with due attention,
 Rarely escapes his apprehension;
 Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition,
 Should he rely alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts,
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a GRAHAM make,
 Gold, if you will, for value's sake;
 Its springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true;
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of PHÆBUS' rays,
 Perhaps within your bosom plays:
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If application fans the fire;
 Without it genius vainly tries,
 Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
 Nay, application will prevail,
 When braggart parts and genius fail:
 And now to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd,
 Merely to brutes of human kind,

A forward HARE, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
 For geniuses are ever proud;
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd BEAT THEM HOLLOW;
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren HALF A LENGTH.

A TORTOISE heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation.

"Oh! PUSS, it bodes thee dire disgrace,

"When I defy thee to the race.

"Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,

"I'll lay my shell upon the trial."

'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring HARE outstript the wind,
 The creeping TORTOISE lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When PUSS had almost reach'd the goal.
 'Friend, TORTOISE,' quoth the jeering HARE,
 'Your burden's more than you can bear;
 'To help your speed, it were as well
 'That I should ease you of your shell;
 'Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee,
 'I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'

So said, so done, and safely sure,
 For say, what conquest more secure?
 Whene'er he walk'd (that's all that's in it)
 He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The TORTOISE heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolv'd to PERSEVERE;
 Still draw'd along, as who should say,
 I'll win, like FABIVS, by delay;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While PUSS unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the HARE awake,
 When thus the victor TORTOISE spake:

“ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
“ Things are not always done by starts;
“ You may deride my awkward pace,
“ But SLOW AND STEADY wins the race.”

THE DISCONTENTED ASS.

IN the depth of winter a poor ass prayed heartily for the spring, that he might exchange a cold lodging, and a heartless truss of straw, for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of fresh grass. In a short time, according to his wish, the warm weather and the fresh grass came on; but brought with them so much toil and business, that he was soon as weary of the spring as before of the winter; and he now became impatient for the approach of summer. Summer arrives: but the heat, the harvest-work, and other drudgeries and inconveniences of the season, set him as far from happiness as before; which he now flattered himself would be found in the plenty of autumn. But here too he is disappointed; for what with the carrying of apples, roots, fuel for the winter, and other provisions, he was in autumn more fatigued than ever. Having thus trod round the circle of the year, in a course of restless labour, uneasiness, and disappointment, and found no season, nor station of life, without its business and its trouble, he was forced at last to acquiesce in the comfortless season of winter, where his complaint began: convinced that in this world every situation has its inconvenience.

MORAL.

We greatly diminish the happiness of life, by undervaluing all that is short of perfection.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
 Upon an APRIL's blithsome day,
 When PLEASURE, ever on the wing,
 Return'd, companion of the SPRING,
 And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
 Instructing little hearts to beat;
 A SPARROW, frolic, gay, and young,
 Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
 Just left his lady of a night,
 Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
 Flew off to seek the chirping train;
 The chirping train he quickly found,
 And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
 And this, and that, he woes by turns;
 And here a sigh, and there a bill,
 And here—those eyes! so form'd to kill!
 And now with ready tongue, he strings
 Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
 With vows, and dem-mes, skill'd to woo,
 As other pretty fellows do.

Not that he thought this short essay
 A prologue needful to his play;
 No, trust me, says our learned letter,
 He knew the virtuous sex much better;
 But these he held as specious arts,
 To shew his own superior parts,
 The form of decency to shield,
 And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
 He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
 With careless impudence drew near,
 And whisper'd HEBREW in her ear;
 A hint, which like the MASON's sign,
 The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
 " Cry'd, sir, pray sir, explain your meaning;

“ Go prate to those that may endure ye—

“ To me this rudeness! I’ll assure ye!”

Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
’Tis needless to say where they met;
The PARSON’S barn, as authors mention,
Confess’d the fair had apprehension.

Her honour there, secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;

No more affected to be coy,
But rush’d, licentious, on the joy.

‘ Hist, love!’ the male companion cry’d,

‘ Retire awhile, I fear we’re ’spy’d;’

Nor was the caution vain; he saw

A TURTLE rustling in the straw,

While o’er her callow brood she hung,

And fondly thus address’d her young:

“ Ye tender objects of my care!

“ Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;

“ Anon he comes, your gentle sire,

“ And brings you all your hearts require.

“ For us, his infants and his bride,

“ For us, with only love to guide,

“ Our lord assumes an EAGLE’S speed,

“ And like a LION, dares to bleed.

“ Nor yet by wintry skies confin’d,

“ He mounts upon the rudest wind,

“ From danger tears the vital spoil,

“ And with affection sweetens toil.

“ Ah! cease, too vent’rous—cease to dare,

“ In thine, our dearer safety spare;

“ From him, ye cruel FALCONS, stray;

“ And turn, ye FOWLERS, far away.

“ Should I survive to see the day,

“ That tears me from myself away;

“ That cancels all that heav’n could give,

“ The life, by which alone I live;

“ Alas! how more than lost were I,

“ Who in the thought already die!

" Ye pow'rs, who men and birds obey,
 " Great rulers of your creatures, say,
 " Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
 " And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
 " Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
 " Around it twines entangling care;
 " While fear, for what our souls possess,
 " Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
 " Yet FRIENDSHIP forms the bliss above,
 " And LIFE, what art thou, without LOVE?"—

Our HERO, who had heard apart,
 Felt something moving in his heart;
 But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
 The virtue rising in his breast;
 And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
 And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

' MADAM, you must not think me rude,
 ' Good manners never can intrude;
 ' I vow I came through pure good-nature;
 ' (Upon my soul a charming creature) ✕
 ' Are these the comforts of a wife?
 ' This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
 ' No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
 ' Is a sweet province for a beauty.
 ' Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
 ' Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
 ' That good 'old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
 ' Has taught thy infant years no other.
 ' The greatest ill in the creation
 ' Is, sure, the want of education!
 ' But think ye (tell me without feigning)
 ' Have all these charms no farther meaning?
 ' Dame NATURE, if you don't forget her,
 ' Might teach your ladyship much better.
 ' For shame, reject this mean employment,
 ' Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
 ' Where time, by circling bliss we measure,
 ' Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
 ' Come, prove the blessing, follow me;
 ' Be wise, be happy, and be free.'

“ Kind sir, reply’d our MATRON chaste,
“ Your zeal seems pretty much in haste ;
“ I own, the fondness to be blest,
“ Is a deep thirst in every breast ;
“ Of blessings too I have my store,
“ Yet quarrel not, should heav’n give more ;
“ Then prove the change to be expedient,
“ And think me, sir, your most obedient.”

Here turning, as to one inferior,
“ Our gallant spoke, and smil’d superior.
“ Methinks, to quit your boasted station
“ Requires a world of hesitation ;
“ Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
“ The case, I doubt, is past redressing :
“ Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
“ Were the mere fruits of my invention,
“ You’ve cause sufficient for your carriage,
“ In flying from the curse of marriage ;
“ That sly decoy, with vary’d snares,
“ That takes your widgeons in by pairs ;
“ Alike to husband, and to wife,
“ The cure of love, and bane of life ;
“ The only method of forecasting
“ To make misfortune firm and lasting ;
“ The sin, by heav’n’s peculiar sentence,
“ Unpardon’d, through a life’s repentance.
“ It is the double snake, that weds
“ A common tail to diff’rent heads ;
“ That leads the carcass still astray,
“ By dragging each a diff’rent way.
“ Of all the ills that may attend me,
“ From marriage, mighty GODS, defend me !
“ Give me frank NATURE’s wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
“ Where FANCY, ever wing’d for change,
“ Delights to sport, delights to range !
“ There, LIBERTY ! to thee is owing
“ Whate’er of bliss is worth bestowing ;

' Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
 ' Sweet goddess of the hills, are thine.
 ' What say you now, you pretty pink you?
 ' Have I, for once, spoke reason, think you?
 ' You take me now for no romancer—
 ' Come, never study for an answer;
 ' Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
 ' And fly where joy alone shall find you.'
 " Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
 " A question more, or so—and then, sir.
 " You've rallied me with sense exceeding,
 " With much fine wit, and better breeding;
 " But pray, sir, how do you contrive it?
 " Do those of your world never wive it?"
 ' No, no.' " How then?" ' Why dare I tell
 ' What does the business full as well.'
 " Do you ne'er love?" ' An hour at leisure.'
 " Have you no friendship?" ' Yes, for pleasure.'
 " No care for little ones?" ' We get 'em;
 ' The rest their mothers mind, and let 'em.'
 " Thou wretch," rejoin'd the kindling DOVE,
 " Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
 " Whene'er misfortunes come, how just!
 " And come, misfortune surely must;
 " In the dread season of dismay,
 " In that your hour of trial, say,
 " Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
 " Who bear AFFLICTION's weightier part?
 " Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
 " And WINTER's gloomy form impends,
 " To mourning turns all transient cheer,
 " And blasts the melancholy year;
 " For times at no persuasion stay,
 " Nor vice can find perpetual MAY;
 " Then where's that tongue, by FOLLY led,
 " That soul of pertness, whither fled?
 " All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
 " Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest'd;

No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
 Shall seek thy cold unsocial side ;
 No chirping prattlers to delight,
 Shall turn the long-enduring night ;
 No bride her words of balm impart,
 And warm thee at her constant heart.

FREEDOM, restrain'd by REASON's force,
 Is as the sun's unvarying course,
 Benignly active, sweetly bright,
 Affording warmth, affording light ;
 But torn from VIRTUE's sacred rules,
 Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools.
 Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
 And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool ! by union every creature
 Subsists, through universal nature ;
 And this, to beings void of mind,
 Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
 As yet unfashion'd embryo lay ;
 The source of endless good above
 Shot down his spark of kindling love ;
 Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
 Then motion first exulting came,
 Each atom sought its sep'rate class,
 Through many a fair enamour'd mass ;
 Love casts the central charm around,
 And with eternal nuptials bound.
 Then FORM and ORDER, o'er the sky,
 First train'd their bridal pomp on high ;
 The SUN display'd his orb to sight,
 And burn'd with HYMENEAL light.

Hence NATURE's virgin womb conceiv'd,
 And with the genial burthen heav'd ;
 Came forth the oak, her first-born heir,
 And scal'd the breathing steep of air ;
 Then infant stems, of various use,
 Imbib'd her soft maternal juice.

The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd,
Within her warm embraces grew
A race, of endless form and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'rous form detain'd,
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the systematic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all, with circling radiance, shone,
But, cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here, ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Resides the beauty of the breast.
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like ECHO from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor TIME can shake, nor POW'R invade,
But as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,

They check the TEMPEST's wintry rage,
 And bloom and strengthen into age.
 A thousand amities unknown,
 And pow'rs, perceiv'd by LOVE alone;
 Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
 Fan and support the mutual fire,
 Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
 Is fed by an immortal MIND.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
 Like NILE, it opens and descends,
 Which, by apparent windings led,
 We trace to its celestial head.
 The sire, first springing from above,
 Becomes the source of life and love,
 And gives his filial heir to flow,
 In fondness down on sons below;
 Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
 To TIME's extremest verge they glide;
 While kindred streams, on either hand,
 Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.
 Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
 No late-returning brother claim;
 No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
 No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
 With partial eyes no parent see,
 And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
 An alien e'en among thy kind;
 The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
 Shall play the wanton in thy face;
 Each spark unplume thy little pride,
 All friendship fly thy faithless side;
 Thy name shall, like thy carcass, rot,
 In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving POW'R! great source of life!
 O, hear the parent! hear the wife!
 That life thou lendest from above,
 Though little, make it large in love;

O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry clime, on ev'ry hand,
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd,
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel not unkind.
But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire;
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name!
O spare him, spare him, GRACIOUS POW'R!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy;
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.

When he with graceful action wooes,
And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own.
And in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me, too, to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake;
Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;

One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 One will direct, one wish inform;
 Through life one mutual aid sustain,
 In death one peaceful grave contain."

While, swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
 Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
 And forth, with eager joy, she sprung;
 As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
 And plum'd and kindled at the view.

Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat;
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
 With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Straight to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
 Transported, to their sire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round.
 In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand;
 The sire, his life-sustaining prize
 To each expecting bill applies;
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
 While all collected at the sight,
 And silent, through supreme delight;
 The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord and infants smiles.

The SPARROW, whose attention hung
 Upon the DOVE's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little slights disarm'd,
 And from himself by VIRTUE charm'd,
 When now he saw, what only seem'd,
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd;

His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind ;
 In secret wish'd a TURTLE too,
 And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

TWO formal OWLS together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat :
 " How is the modern taste decay'd !
 " Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
 " Our worth the GRECIAN sages knew,
 " They gave our sires the honour due ;
 " They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 " And pry'd into the depth of OWLS.
 " ATHENS, the seat of learned fame,
 " With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
 " On merit, title was conferr'd,
 " And all ador'd th' ATHENIAN bird."
 ' Brother, you reason well, replies
 ' The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;
 ' Right. ATHENS was the seat of learning,
 ' And truly wisdom is discerning.
 ' Besides, on PALLAS' helm we sit,
 ' The type and ornament of wit :
 ' But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
 ' And a pert SPARROW's more respected.'
 A SPARROW, who was lodg'd beside,
 O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
 And thus he nimbly vents his heat :
 " Who meets a fool must find conceit :
 " I grant, you were at ATHENS grac'd,
 " And on MINERVA's helm were plac'd ;
 " But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
 " Except an OWL, can tell you why.
 " From hence they taught their schools to know
 " How false we judge by outward show ;

" That we should never looks esteem,
 " Since fools as wise as you might seem.
 " Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
 " Let your vain-glory be destroy'd :
 " Humble your arrogance of thought,
 " Pursue the ways by nature taught ;
 " So shall you find delicious fare,
 " And grateful farmers praise your care :
 " So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
 " And no keen CAT find more regard."

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

AS an ANT, of his talents superiorly vain,
 Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
 A WORM, in his progress remarkably slow
 Cry'd—" Bless your good worship wherever you
 " go ;
 " I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
 " I pay my respects with an hearty good will."
 With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride—
 " Begone, you vile reptile," (his ANTSHIP reply'd);
 " Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
 " But first—look at me—see my limbs how
 " complete ;
 " I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
 " Run backward and forward, and turn when I
 " please ;
 " Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay !
 " I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my
 " way."

The reptile insulted, and vext to the soul,
 Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole ;
 But nature, determin'd to end his distress,
 Soon sent him abroad in a BUTTERFLY's dress.

Ere long the proud ANT, as repassing the road
 (Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)

The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd,
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The ANT quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.

"Stop, friend," says the BUTTERFLY—"don't
"be surpriz'd,

'I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way."

MORAL.

A wretch, tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-mor-
row.

THE

LAURUSTINUS AND THE ROSE-TREE.

IN the quarters of a shrubbery, where deciduous plants and evergreens were intermingled with an air of negligence, it happened that a ROSE grew not far from a LAURUSTINUS. The ROSE, enlivened by the breath of *June*, and attired in all its gorgeous blossoms, looked with much contempt on the LAURUSTINUS, who had nothing to display but the dusky verdure of its leaves. What a wretched neighbour, cried she, is this! and how unworthy to partake the honour of my company! better to bloom and die in the desert, than to associate myself here with such low and dirty vegetables. And is this my lot at last, whom every nation has agreed to honour, and every poet conspired to reverence, as the undoubted sovereign of the field and garden? If I really am so, let my subjects at least keep their distance, and let a circle remain vacant round me, suitable to the

state my rank requires. Here, GARDENER, bring thy hatchet; prithee cut down this LAURUSTINUS; or at least remove it to its proper sphere. Be pacified, my lovely ROSE, replied the GARDENER, enjoy thy *sovereignty* with moderation, and thou shalt receive all the homage which thy beauty can require. But remember that in winter, when neither thou nor any of thy tribe produce one flower or leaf to cheer me, this faithful SHRUB, which thou despisest, will become the glory of my garden. Prudence, therefore, as well as gratitude, is concerned in the protection of a friend, that will shew his *Friendship in adversity*.

MORAL.

That friend is highly to be respected at all times, whose friendship is chiefly distinguished in adversity.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the MISTRESS's humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight,
If BETTY waits without her stays,
She copies but her LADY's ways;
When MISS comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curt'sey going out,
Depend upon't MAMMA is one
Who reads, or drinks, too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;

Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground.
Impatient ever of controul,
And knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
With nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.
If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art;
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there;
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, LORD help us! what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An OWL, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, ev'ry pye.
For modern poetry and wit,
He had read all that BLACKMORE writ.
So intimate with CURL was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college.
Alike to ev'ry art and science,
His daring genius bid defiance.
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One evening, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A NIGHTINGALE began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And, screeching, interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.—

What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance and noise?
Be wise—True harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.

Go read the authors—POPE explodes,
Fathom the depth of CIBBER's odes.
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning HENLEY writ,
And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men:
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch! the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride;
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;
Make short the weary trav'lers way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause,
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An OWL is scorn'd alike by both.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE FOX and the CAT, as they travell'd one day
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:

" 'Tis great (says the FOX) to make justice our
" guide !"

' How godlike is mercy !' GRIMALKIN reply'd.

Whilst thus they proceeded,—a WOLF from the
wood,

Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

" In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
" When mutton's at hand (says the WOLF), I must
" eat."

GRIMALKIN's astonish'd,—the FOX stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

' What a wretch (says the CAT)—'tis the vilest of
' brutes :

{ Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage,
' —and roots ?'

Cries the FOX—" While our oaks give us acorns so
" good,

" " What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood ? "

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
still,

Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by
a mill ;

Sly REYNARD survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a PULLET his prize.

A MOUSE too, that chanc'd from her covert to
stray,

The greedy GRIMALKIN secur'd as her prey.

A SPIDER that sat in her web on the wall,

Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall ;

She cry'd—' Of such murders how guiltless am I !'
So ran to regale on a new taken FLY.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

THE BUTTERFLY, THE SNAIL, AND THE BEE.

A BUTTERFLY, proudly perched on the gaudy leaves of a FRENCH marygold, was boasting the vast extent and variety of his travels. I have ranged, said he, over the graceful and majestic scenes of HAGLEY *, and have feasted my eyes with elegance and variety at THE LEASOWES †. I have wandered through regions of eglantine and honeysuckle; I have revelled in kisses on beds of violets and cowslips, and have enjoyed the delicious fragrance of roses and carnations. In short, my fancy unbounded, and my flight unrestrained, I have visited with perfect freedom all the flowers of the field or garden, and must be allowed to *know the world* in a superlative degree.

A SNAIL, who hung attentive to his wonders, on a cabbage-leaf, was struck with admiration; and concluded him, from all his experience, to be the wisest of animal creatures.

It happened that a BEE pursued her occupation on a neighbouring bed of marjoram; and, having heard our ostentatious vagrant, reprimanded him in this manner:—Vain, empty flutterer, said she, whom instruction cannot improve, nor experience itself enlighten! thou hast rambled over the world; wherein does thy knowledge of it consist? Thou hast seen variety of objects; what conclusions hast thou drawn from them? Thou hast tasted of every amusement; hast thou extracted any thing for use? I too am a traveller: go and look into my hive; and let my treasures intimate to thee, that the end of travelling is to collect materials either for the use and emolument of private life, or for the advantage of the community.

* Lord Lyttelton's.

† Mr. Shenstone's.

MORAL.

Fops may boast of their extensive travels, but 'tis only a few discerning persons that make a proper use of them.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, CORINNA, if you can,
 Why so averse, so coy, to man?
 Did NATURE, lavish of her care,
 From her best pattern form you fair,
 That you, ungrateful to her cause,
 Should mock her gifts and spurn her laws?
 And, miser-like, withhold that store,
 Which, by imparting, blesses more!
 Beauty's gift, by heav'n assign'd,
 The portion of the female kind;
 For this the yielding maid demands
 Protection at her lover's hands;
 And though, by wasting years, it fade,
 Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
 And will you then this wealth conceal,
 For AGE to rust, or TIME to steal?
 The summer of your youth to rove,
 A stranger to the joys of love?
 Then, when LIFE's winter hastens on,
 And YOUTH's fair heritage is gone,
 Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
 To guard your wither'd age from harms!
 No gratitude to warm his breast,
 For blooming beauty once possess'd;
 How will you curse that stubborn pride,
 Which drove your bark across the tide;
 And, sailing before FOLLY's wind,
 Left sense and happiness behind!
 CORINNA, lest these whims prevail,
 To such as you I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood and mettled speed,
 The choicest of the running breed,
 Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
 Refus'd subjection to the rein;
 In vain the groom's officious skill
 Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will:
 In vain the master's forming care,
 Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
 Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
 Wide o'er the spacious plains he ran.
 Where'er luxuriant NATURE spread
 Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
 Or bubbling streams, soft gliding pass,
 To cool and freshen up the grass;
 Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
 And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
 Revolving winter came at last;
 The trees no more a shelter yield;
 The verdure withers from the field;
 Perpetual snows invest the ground,
 In icy chains the streams are bound,
 Cold nipping winds, and rattling hail,
 His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
 He saw the thatch-roof'd cottage rise;
 The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
 And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.

A stable, erst his scorn, and hate,
 Was now become his wish'd retreat;
 His passion cool, his pride forgot,
 A FARMER's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
 His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
 And friendly to the stable led,
 And saw him litter'd, dress'd and fed.
 In slothful ease all night he lay;
 The servants rose at break of day;

The market calls.—Along the road
 His back must bear the pond'rous load;
 In vain he struggles, or complains,—
 Incessant blows reward his pains.
 To-morrow varies but his toil;
 Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil:
 While scanty meals at night repay
 The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
 His self-upbraidings found a vent.
 Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
 By arrogance and folly led;
 To learn the lesson NATURE taught,
 Had but my restive youth been brought,
 Then had I, like my sires of yore,
 The prize from ev'ry courser bore;
 While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
 And females crown'd my latter days.
 Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot;
 Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
 A living death from year to year.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you LAWYERS can, with ease,
 Twist words and meanings as you please;
 That language, by your skill made pliant,
 Will bend to favour every client;
 That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
 To make out either side's pretence.
 When you peruse the clearest case,
 You see it with a double face:
 For scepticism's your profession;
 You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,
 Hence eloquence takes either side.
 Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
 Cou'd ev'ry man express his meaning.

Who dares presume to pen a deed,
 Unless you previously are see'd?
 'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
 In dull prolixity ingross'd;
 And now we're well secur'd by law,
 'Till the next brother find a flaw.
 Read o'er a will. Was't ever known,
 But you could make the will your own;
 For when you read, 'tis with intent
 To find out meanings never meant.
 Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
 I bar fallacious *inuendo*.

Sagacious PORTA's skill could trace
 Some beast or bird in ev'ry face;
 The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
 Prov'd this an OWL, and that an APE.
 When, in the sketches thus design'd,
 Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
 You shew the piece, and give the hint,
 And find each feature in the print;
 So monstrous like the portrait's found,
 All know it, and the laugh goes round.
 Like him I draw from gen'ral nature;
 Is't I or you then fix the satire?

So, sir, I beg you spare your pains
 In making comments on my strains.
 All private slander I detest,
 I judge not of my neighbour's breast;
 Party and prejudice I hate,
 And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,
 Because a knave is over-nice?
 And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
 Shall not the decalogue be read?
 If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
 Is't I apply, or self-conviction?
 Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
 If men in morals are the same?

I no man call an ape or ass,
 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass :
 Thus void of all offence I write,
 Who claims the fable, knows his right.
 A shepherd's dog, unskill'd in sports,
 Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
 Among the rest, a FOX he knew!
 By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says REYNARD, "'Tis a cruel case,
 " That man should stigmatise our race,
 " No doubt, among us rogues you find,
 " As among DOGS and human kind;
 " And yet, (unknown to me and you)
 " There may be honest men and true.
 " Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,
 " To put us on the foot with man;
 " Let my own actions recommend,
 " No prejudice can blind a friend :
 " You know me free from all disguise ;
 " My honour as my life I prize."

By talk like this, from all mistrust
 The DOG was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the FOX held forth
 On conscience, honesty, and worth,
 Sudden he stopt; he cock'd his ear;
 Low dropt his brushy tail with fear.

" Bless us! the hunters are abroad,
 " What's all that clatter on the road?"
 ' Hold,' says the DOG, ' we're safe from harm;
 'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
 ' At yonder town, 'tis market day,
 ' Some farmer's wife is on the way;
 ' 'Tis so, (I know her pye-bald mare)

' DAME DOBBINS, with her poultry-ware.'

REYNARD grew huff. Says he, " This sneer
 " From you I little thought to hear.
 " Your meaning in your looks I see;
 " Pray, what's DAME DOBBINS, friend, to me?

" Did I e'er make her poultry thinner ?
 " Prove that I owe th' DAME a dinner."
 ' Friend,' quoth the CUR, ' I meant no harm :
 " Then, why so captious ? why so warm ?
 ' My words, in common acceptation,
 ' Could never give this provocation.
 ' No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
 ' May be more innocent than you.'

At this, gall'd REYNARD winch'd and swore
 Such language ne'er was giv'n before.

" What's lamb to me ? the saucy hint.
 " Shews me, base knave, which way you squint ;
 " If t'other night your master lost
 " Three lambs, am I to pay the cost ?
 " Your vile reflections would imply
 " That I'm the thief. You DOG, you lie !"
 ' Thou knave, thou fool,' the DOG reply'd,
 ' The name is just, take either side ;
 ' Thy guilt these applications speak ;
 ' Sirrah ! 'tis conscience makes you squeak.'

So saying, on the FOX he flies ;
 The self-convicted felon dies.

THE TRUMPETER.

A TRUMPETER in a certain army happened to be
 taken prisoner. He was ordered immediately
 to execution, but pleaded in excuse for himself,
 that it was unjust a person should suffer death, who,
 far from an intention of mischief, did not even wear
 an offensive weapon. So much the rather, replied
 one of the enemy, shalt thou die ; since, without
 any design of fighting thyself, thou excitest others
 to the bloody business : for he that is the abettor
 of a bad action, is at least equally guilty with him
 that commits it.

MORAL.

The fomentor of mischief is at least as culpable
 as he who puts it in execution.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
 Tho' flatter'd by the public voice,
 And peevish grow, and sick to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights,
 And transports of expected nights;
 What is to me your hoard of charms,
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs there no acquisition more,
 To keep contention from the door?
 Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
 All beauty cloy's but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love.

Yet, PHILLIS, simplest of your sex,
 You never think, but to perplex;
 Coqueting it with ev'ry APE,
 That struts abroad in human shape;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast.
 To-morrow you resign the sway,
 Prepar'd to honour and obey;
 The tyrant-mistress chang'd for life
 To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
 And learn instructions from a friend.
 Reluctant hear the first address,
 Think often, 'ere you answer, yes;
 But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
 And wear your wishes in your eyes.
 With caution ev'ry look forbear,
 That might create one jealous fear.
 A lover's rip'ning hopes confound,
 Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
 Contemn the girlish arts to teaze,
 Nor use your pow'r unless to please;

For fools alone with rigour sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey.

THE KING OF BRUTES, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.

They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper MONKEY, proud and vain,
Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train:

Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?

Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, 'ere we feel it, own his pow'r?

The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;

Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;

'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn;

So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy, from oppression, learn;

At others woes he taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride,
The youthful LION thus reply'd:

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?

Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?

Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?

Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules;

To them return, in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;

The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous LION bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind;

Good offices their likeness get,
 And payment lessens not the debt:
 With multiplying hand he gives
 The good from others he receives;
 Or for the bad makes fair return,
 And pays, with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

WISDOM AND CUNNING.

AS WISDOM, in the form of a beautiful young lady, was travelling along the road, it happened that she was benighted, and lost her way. She had not however wandered far, when perceiving a light glimmer from a window at some distance, she endeavoured to direct her steps towards the house where it appeared. This proved to be no other than the miserable abode of SELFISHNESS; who beneath the semblance of a churlish and close-fisted peasant, had long taken up his residence in this lonesome habitation. She knocked at the door, to enquire her way. The LOU opened it with caution; but, being immediately struck with the uncommon lustre of so fine a figure, he found his appetite awake, and became impatient for the gratification of it. WISDOM, on the other hand, feeling an utter detestation of him, would have willingly withdrawn herself; but alas! it was too late. He took advantage of her distress, seized; and forced her to his bed. Nine months afterwards she was delivered of a squint-eyed, sallow-faced imp, unto whom she could never be induced to shew any marks of natural affection. She would not even own him for her proper offspring; and he was put into the hands of DULLNESS, to be nursed and educated at her discretion. As he arrived to years of maturity, he was known by the name of CUNNING. Some faint resemblance which he bore of his MOTHER, pro-

gained him a degree of respect among persons of small discernment; and he shewed somewhat of her address in regard to the means by which he gained his ends; but he had so much of the FATHER, as never to extend his aims to any truly noble or social achievement.

MORAL.

CUNNING seems to differ from WISDOM, more in the end that it proposes to itself, than in the means that it employs.

THE

FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?

What rude offence alarms you now?

I said, that DELIA's fair; 'tis true;

But did I say, she equall'd you?

Can't I another's face commend,

Or to her virtues be a friend,

But instantly your forehead frowns,

As if her merit lessened yours?

From female envy never free,

All must be blind, because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,

The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,

Then tell me where the woodbine grows,

That vies in sweetness with the rose?

Or where the lily's snowy white,

That throws such beauties on the sight?

Yet folly is it to declare,

That these are neither sweet nor fair.

The chrystal shines with fainter rays

Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;

And fops will say, the di'mond dies

Before the lustre of your eyes,

But I, who deal in truth, deny

That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
 And sweets along the air convey,
 Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
 Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
 And sweet (though sweeter you) the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
 If you are lovelier than the rest?
 For while I give to each her due,
 By praising them I flatter you;
 And praising most, I still declare
 You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a FARMER sate,
 Replenish'd by his homely treat,
 His fav'rite SPANIEL near him stood,
 And with his master shar'd the food;
 The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
 His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
 Till sated now, supine he lay,
 And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry CAT, in turn, drew near,
 And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
 Her modest worth the master knew,
 And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
 Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
 And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke:

They only claim a right to eat,
 Who earn by services their meat;
 Me, zeal and industry inflame,
 To scour the fields, and spring the game,
 Or, plunged in the watry wave,
 For man the wounded bird to save;
 With watchful diligence I keep,
 From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
 At home, his midnight hours secure,
 And drive the robber from the door.
 For this his breast with kindness glows;
 For this his hand the food bestows;

And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart;
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness, PUSS reply'd)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secure the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?
'Thy words are just, the FARMER cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

4 THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

A MILLER and his son were driving their Ass to market, in order to sell him: and that he might get thither fresh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not proceeded far when they met a company of travellers. "Sure," say they, "you are mighty careful of your Ass: methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as suffer him to walk on at his ease, while you trudge after on foot." In compliance with this advice, the OLD MAN set his son upon the beast. And now, they had scarce advanced a quarter of a mile further, before they met another company. "You idle young rogue!" said one of the party, "why don't you get down, and let your poor FATHER ride?" Upon this, the

OLD MAN made his SON dismount, and got up himself. While they were marching in this manner, a third company began to insult the FATHER. "You hard-hearted unnatural wretch!" say they, "how can you suffer that poor LAD to wade through the dirt, while you, like an alderman, ride at your ease?" The good-natured MILLER stood corrected, and immediately took his SON up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the rest — "Was there ever such a couple of lazy boobies! "to overload in so unconscionable a manner a poor dumb creature, who is far less able to carry them than they are to carry him!" The complying OLD MAN would have been half inclined to make the trial, had not experience by this time sufficiently convinced him, that there cannot be a more fruitless attempt, than to endeavour to please all mankind.

MORAL.

It is better to pursue the dictates of one's own reason, than attempt to please all mankind.

 THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies, which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.
 With what superior grace enchants
 The face which NATURE's pencil paints!
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart!
 Where FREEDOM and GOOD-HUMOUR sit,
 And easy GAIETY and WIT!

Though perfect BEAUTY be not there,
 The master lines, the finish'd air,
 We catch from every look delight,
 And grow enamour'd at the sight;
 For beauty, though we all approve,
 Excites our wonder more than love;
 While the agreeable strikes sure,
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my AMORET, this care,
 That forms you, in effect, less fair?
 If NATURE on your cheek bestows
 A bloom that emulates the rose,
 Or from some heav'nly image drew
 A form, APELLES never knew,
 Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
 And spoil by meretricious art?
 Or had you, NATURE's error, come
 Abortive from the mother's womb,
 Your forming care she still rejects,
 Which only heightens her defects.
 When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
 Sill press the foremost in the crowd,
 At every public shew are seen,
 With look awry, and awkward mein,
 The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
 And magnifies deformity.

NATURE may under-do her part,
 But seldom wants the help of ART;
 Trust her, she is your surest friend,
 Nor made your form for you to mend.

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,
 The shrillest of the cackling train,
 With proud and elevated crest,
 Precedence claim'd above the rest.
 Says she, I laugh at human race,
 Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
 Look here!—the sland'rous lie detect;
 Not haughty man is so erect.

That PEACOCK yonder, lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train !
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
A GOOSE would be the finer bird.

NATURE, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with fin'ry decks ;
Were GEESE set out with half that show,
Would men admire the PEACOCK ? No.

Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks.
The SUN shot down his noon-tide beams,
The SWANS were sporting in the streams ;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride,
Provoke her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we see !
Those creatures ! how they mimic me !
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we GEESE are known to swim ?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs ;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the SWAN's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A SWAN, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd :
Conceited thing ! elate with pride,
Thy affectation all deride ;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Being deem'd an honest hobbling GOOSE.

Learn hence, to study WISDOM's rules ;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools ;
And striving NATURE to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

THE DOVE.

A DOVE that had a mate and young ones, happening to spy her cage-door open, was driven by a sudden impulse to fly out into an adjacent grove. There perched upon the bough of a sycamore, she sat as it were wrapt in deep contemplation; not recovering from her reverie, until the owner drew nigh, unseen, and brought her back to her little family.

Art thou not ashamed then, says her mate, thus to desert thy helpless offspring? Art thou not base to abandon *me* for the company of birds to whom thou art a stranger? Could I have harboured such a thought? I, who have been ever constant to our first engagement, and must have died of mere despair, hadst thou not returned to my embraces? But how, alas! returned! Not, as it seems, by choice, but ensnared by dint of artifice, and brought hither by constraint.

Have patience, replied the rambler, and hear the plea of thy repentant mate. Witness all ye powers of wedlock, ye that know what passes in the hearts of DOVES, if ever, before this unhappy moment, I felt a wish to part from thee! the door, so seldom open, allowed but one moment for deliberation, and I happened to decide amiss. When removed to yonder wood, the air of liberty breathed so sweet, that, with horror I speak it, I felt a suspense about returning to the cage. Pardon, I pray thee, this one crime, and be well assured I will never repeat it. And that thou may'st be the more induced to pardon me, know, that the love of liberty burns ever the strongest in the bosoms that are most open to conjugal affection, and the love of their young.

MORAL.

The love of liberty, in well-constituted minds, holds a place little inferior to that of natural affection.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
 Thy pure delights few mortals know.
 Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
 While tyrant LUST usurps thy throne!
 The bounteous GOD OF NATURE made,
 The sexes for each other's aid,
 Their mutual talents to employ,
 To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
 To weaker woman he assign'd
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
 That can with sympathy impart
 Its likeness, to the roughest heart.
 Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
 To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
 His rosy fingers on her face
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace.
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)
 His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
 He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould;
 With useful arts his mind inform'd,
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
 And courage for the fair's defence.
 Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
 Demands protection from the strong;
 To man she flies, when fear alarms,
 And claims the temple of his arms.
 By nature's author thus declar'd
 The woman's sov'reign and her guard;
 Shall man, by treach'rous wile invade
 The weakness he was meant to aid?
 While beauty, given to inspire
 Protecting love and soft desire,
 Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
 And to its own breast points the dart,

Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence!

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'lers guard:
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious LAWYER ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie;
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling, from their hinges bound;
When JUSTICE, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look,
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mentioned in reports,
He ask'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is JUSTICE grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for JUSTICE rais'd?
'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect;
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for a bribe!
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
JUSTICE has neither ears nor eyes!

In foul alliance with the bar,
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
 And rarely issues his decree,
 But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd;
 The trembling **LAWYER** thus return'd:
 I own the charge is justly laid,
 And weak th' excuse that can be made;
 Yet search the spacious globe, and see
 If all mankind are not like me.

The **GOWN-MAN**, skill'd in **ROMISH** lies,
 By **FAITH**'s false glass deludes our eyes;
 O'er conscience rides without controul,
 And robs the man, to save his soul.

The **DOCTOR**, with important face,
 By sly design mistakes the case;
 Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
 To trick the patient of his fees.—
 The **SOLDIER**, rough with many a scar,
 And red with slaughter, leads the war;
 If he a nation's trust betray,
 The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
 And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
 Must I be better than the rest,
 And harbour **JUSTICE** in my breast?
 On one side only take the fee,
 Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
 Th' exasperated shade rejoin'd,
 If virtue from the world is flown,
 Will other's faults excuse thy own?
 For sickly souls the priest was made;
PHYSICIANS for the body's aid;
 The **SOLDIER** guarded liberty;
 Man, woman, and the **LAWYER** me:
 If all are faithless to their trust,
 They leave not thee the less unjust.
 Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
 And bar the sanction of my name;

Within your courts it shall be read,
That JUSTICE from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
Till HARDWICK sooth'd her into grace.

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A WEALTHY old FARMER, who had for some time declined in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his sons together to his bedside: "My dear children," said the dying man, "I leave it with you as my last injunction, not to part with the farm, which has been in our family these hundred years: for, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour." The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and with great vigour and alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm; the consequence of which was, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, that their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, 'I would venture a wager,' said one of the brothers, more acute than the rest, 'that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, that, "Industry is itself a treasure."' "

MORAL.

Industry is itself a treasure.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
 And sets her cap at all she meets,
 May catch the fool, who turns to stare;
 But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
 With silken line, my LYDIA stood,
 I smil'd to see the pains you took,
 To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
 Along the forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear?
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near;
 For as behind the bush we lay,
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
 The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
 And think you, with inferior art,
 To captivate the human heart?
 The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
 Give but a glimpse, and FANCY draws
 Whate'er the GRECIAN VENUS was.
 From EVE's first fig-leaf to brocade,
 All dress was meant for FANCY's aid,
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When CELIA struts in man's attire,
 She shews too much to raise desire;
 But from the hoop's bewitching round,
 Her very shoe has power to wound.
 The roving eye, the bosom bare,
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,
 May catch the fop, for gudgeon's strike
 At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
 While SALMON play regardless by,
 Till ART, like NATURE, forms the fly.

Beneath a PEASANT's homely thatch,
 A SPIDER long had held her watch;

From morn to night, with restless care,
 She spun her web, and wove her snare.
 Within the limits of her reign
 Lay many a hidden captive, slain;
 Or, flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
 To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.
 A straying BEE, that perch'd hard by,
 Beheld her with disdainful eye;
 And thus began :—Mean thing ! give o'er,
 And lay thy slender threads no more ;
 A thoughtless FLY or two, at most,
 Is all the conquest thou canst boast ;
 For BEES of sense thy arts evade,
 We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy TULIP, that displays
 Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
 That points her charms at all she sees,
 And yields to ev'ry wanton BREEZE,
 Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
 Guarded with thorns, the modest ROSE,
 Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
 Or on her fragrant bosom lie ;
 Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
 And, bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
 And learn this lesson from a friend :
 She, who with modesty retires,
 Adds fuel to her lover's fires ;
 While such incautious jilts as you,
 By folly your own schemes undo.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

A BEE observing a FLY frisking about her hive,
 asked him, in a very passionate tone, what he
 did here ? “ Is it for such scoundrels as you,” said
 she, “ to intrude into the company of the queens

“ of the air ? ” ‘ You have great reason, truly,’ replied the FLY, ‘ to be out of humour : I am sure they must be mad who would have any concern with so quarrelsome a nation.’ “ And why so, thou saucy malapert ! ” returned the enraged BEE ; “ we have the best laws, and are governed by the best policy in the world. We feed upon the most fragrant flowers, and all our business is to make honey : honey, which equals nectar, thou tasteless wretch ! who livest upon nothing but putrefaction and excrement.” ‘ We live as we can,’ rejoined the FLY : ‘ poverty, I hope, is no crime ; but passion is one, I am sure. The honey you make is sweet, I grant you ; but your heart is all bitterness : for to be revenged on an enemy, you will destroy your own life ; and are so inconsiderate in your rage, as to do more mischief to yourselves than to your adversary. Take my word for it, one had better have less considerable talents, and use them with more discretion.’

MORAL.

The greatest genius with a vindictive temper, is far surpassed, in point of happiness, by men of talents less considerable.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d’ye say ? Nay, then ’tis time,
 Another year destroys your prime.
 But stay—The settlement ! “ That’s made.”
 Why then’s my simple girl afraid ?
 Yet hold a moment, if you can,
 And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush’d,
 The winds were in their caverns hush’d,
 When HYMEN, pensive and sedate,
 Held o’er the fields his musing gait,

Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,
 DEATH's meagre form the GOD survey'd,
 Who quickly with gigantic stride,
 Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
 The chat on various subjects ran,
 Till angry HYMEN thus began :

“ Relentless DEATH, whose iron sway,
 “ Mortals reluctant must obey,
 “ Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
 “ And thy too partial hand arraign ?
 “ When CUPID brings a pair of hearts,
 “ All over struck with equal darts,
 “ Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
 “ And cut the knot that HYMEN ty'd.
 “ Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
 “ The miser, hoarding up his gold,
 “ The harlot, reeking from the stew,
 “ Alone thy fell revenge pursue ?
 “ But must the gentle, and the kind,
 “ Thy fury, undistinguish'd find ? ”

The monarch calmly thus reply'd :
 ‘ Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
 ‘ That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
 ‘ CUPID, alone, is to be blam'd ;
 ‘ Then let the charge be justly laid ;
 ‘ That idle boy neglects his trade,
 ‘ And hardly once in twenty years
 ‘ A couple to your temple bears.
 ‘ The wretches, whom your office blends,
 ‘ SILENUS now, or PLUTUS sends ;
 ‘ Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
 ‘ Are common to the nuptial life.

‘ Believe me ; more than all mankind,
 ‘ Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
 ‘ Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
 ‘ Who seek the wretched to release ;
 ‘ The captive from his bonds to free,
 ‘ Indissoluble, but for me.

H

‘Tis I entice him to the yoke;
 ‘ By me your crowded altars smoke;
 ‘ For mortals boldly dare the noose,
 ‘ Secure, that DEATH will set them loose.’

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.

A CERTAIN BOY, as EPICETUS tells the fable, put his hand into a pitcher, where great plenty of figs and filberts were deposited; he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he endeavoured to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by, gave him this wise and seasonable advice;—“Grasp only half the quantity, my BOY, and you will easily succeed.”

MORAL.

The surest way to gain our ends is to moderate our desires.

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

YE thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
 And wake the rough resounding shore;
 Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,
 And shake the ramparts with your rage;
 BOREAS distend your chops and blow;
 Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of BOW;
 Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
 Like twenty thousand SOUTHWARK fairs;
 Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye brats,
 Encore, encore, ye amorous cats:
 In vain poor things ye squeak or squall,
 Soft SYLVIA shall out-tongue you all:

But here she comes—there's no relief;
She comes, and blessed are the deaf.
“ A MAGPIE ! why, you're mad, my dear,
“ To bring a chattering MAGPIE here.
“ A prattling play-thing, fit for boys—
“ You know I can't endure a noise.—
“ You brought this precious present sure,
“ My head-ach and my cough to cure.
“ Pray hand him in and let him stain
“ Each curtain, and each counterpane ;
“ Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,
“ Or on my pillow—he can't spoil it :
“ He'll only make me catch my death.—
“ O heavens, for a little breath !—
“ Thank God, I never knew resentment,
“ But am all patience and contentment,
“ Or else, you paltry knave, I should
“ (As any other woman would)
“ Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
“ Cram it by way of chick or pullet.—
“ Well, I must lock up all my rings,
“ My jewels, and my curious things :
“ My CHINESE toys must go to pot,
“ My dear, my pinchbecks—and what not ?
“ For all your MAGPIES are like lawyers,
“ At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers.—
“ You for a wife have search'd the globe,
“ You've got a very female JOB,
“ Pattern of love, and peace and unity,
“ Or how could you expect impunity ?
“ O Lord ! this nasty thing will bite,
“ And scratch, and clapper, claw and fight.
“ O monstrous wretch ! thus to devise,
“ To tear out your poor SYLVIA's eyes.
“ You're a fine POPISH plot pursuing,
“ By presents to affect my ruin ;
“ And thus for good are ill retorting
“ To me, who brought you such a fortune ;

" To me, you low-liv'd clown, to me,
 " Who came of such a family;
 " Me, who for age to age possess'd
 " A lion rampant on my crest;
 " Me, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
 " Me, who'd so many better offers;
 " And is my merit thus regarded,
 " Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded.
 " O 'tis past sufferance—MARY—MARY,
 " I faint—the citeron, or the clary."

The poor man, who had bought the creature
 Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
 Stood at this violent attack,
 Like statues made by ROUBILLIAC,
 Though form'd beyond all skill antique,
 They can't their marble silence break;
 They only breathe, and think, and start,
 Astonish'd at their maker's art.
 Quoth MAG, ' fair GRIZZLE, I must grant,
 ' Your spouse a MAGPIE cannot want:
 ' For troth (to give the dev'l his due)
 ' He keeps a rookery in you.
 ' Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,
 ' Where there is din enough already;
 ' We never should agree together,
 ' Although we're so much of a feather;
 ' You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
 ' Who make such wond'rous noise about it;
 ' And your tongue of immortal mould
 ' Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.
 ' Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,
 ' And like the KING can do no *wrong*;
 ' Justly your spouse restrains his voice,
 ' Nor vainly answers words with noise;
 ' This storm, which no soul can endure,
 ' Requires a very different cure;
 ' For such sour verjuice dispositions,
 ' Your crabsticks are the best physicians.'

THE

PANTHER, HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says) must truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky;
 For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness which she cannot bear—
 A rudeness?—Yes,—I speak my thoughts,
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, CHLOE, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lie,
 And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend?

But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected, and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please.
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.

What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the op'ning rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time ev'ry beauty will invade.

The BUTTERFLY of various hue,
 More than the flow'r resembles you;
 Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
 To pleasure ever on the wing,
 Gayly coquetting for an hour,
 To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
 Would you the bloom of youth should last?
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,

An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve, or levity ;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art ;
 Humility, enough to own
 The frailties which a friend makes known ;
 And decent pride, enough to know
 The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
 Tho' youth and beauty fade away ;
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent ;
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less ;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a LION's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A PANTHER, of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire ;
 Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;
 Assemblies ev'ry week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lies and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring ;
 Low-bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the MONKEY spoke :
 " Gad take me, madam, but I swear
 " No angel ever look'd so fair——
 " Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 " You were not quite divine till now ;
 " Those limbs ! that shape ! and then those eyes,
 " O close them, or the gazer dies !"

‘Nay, gentle PUG, for goodness hush,
‘I vow and swear you make me blush;
‘I shall be angry at this rate——
‘’Tis so like flatt’ry, which I hate.’

The FOX, in deeper cunning vers’d,
The beauties of her mind rehears’d,
And talk’d of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have most pretence;
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play’d so cunningly his part,
That PUG was rivall’d in his art.

The GOAT avow’d his am’rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop’d a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown’d; but yet she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood;
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.
The HOG her neatness much admir’d;
The formal ASS her swiftness fir’d;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar’d her love.

The HORSE, whose gen’rous heart disdain’d
Applause, by servile flatt’ry gain’d,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:

When flatt’ring MONKEYS fawn and prate
They justly raise contempt, or hate;
For merit’s turn’d to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful FOX your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt’rer turn away,
For knaves make friendship to betray,
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom’s rules.
Such beauties might the LION warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;

For who would court that lovely shape,
 To be the rival of an APE ?
 He said; and snorting in disdain,
 Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

THE STARS AND THE SKY-ROCKET.

AS a ROCKET, on a rejoicing night, ascended through the air, and observed the stream of light that distinguished his passage, he could not forbear exulting in his elevation, and calling upon the STARS to do him reverence. Behold, said he, what gazing multitudes admire the lustre of my train, whilst all your feeble sparks of light pass unobserved, or disregarded ! The STARS heard his empty boast with a silent indignation : The DOG-STAR only vouchsafed to answer him : " How weak are they," said he, " who value themselves on the voice of popular applause ! 'Tis true, the novelty of thy appearance may procure to thee more admiration from vulgar minds than our daily splendors can attract, although indeed a lasting miracle. But do not estimate thy importance by the capricious fancy of ill-judging mortals. Know thyself to be but the gaudy pageant of a few moments, the transient gaze of a giddy and ignorant multitude. Even while I speak, thy blaze is half extinguished, and thou art at this instant sinking into perpetual oblivion. Whereas our fires were lighted up by HEAVEN for the admiration and advantage of the universe ; and our glory shall endure for ever."

MORAL.

Pretenders to merit are always more vain than those who really possess it.

THE

MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a DRUID sleeps,
 Where stops the passing gale to moan;
 The rock he hollow'd, o'er him weeps,
 And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
 An hermit's holy ashes rest:
 The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
 Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
 When here I brought, in stolen hour,
 The DRUID's magic MISLETOE,
 The holy HERMIT'S PASSION-FLOWER.

The offerings on the mystic stone
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
 When from the cave a deep'ning groan
 Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
 Does not thy haunted fancy start?
 The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
 Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
 But, grinding through some scrannel frame,
 Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries:
 "No tribute bear to shades unblest:
 "Know, here a bloody DRUID lies,
 "Who was not nurs'd at nature's breast.

"Associate he with demons dire,
 "O'er human victims held the knife,
 "And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
 "Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

" Behold his crimson-streaming hand
 " Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murd'rous eye?"
 In the dim cave I saw him stand;
 And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see
 The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
 And gleams of wild ferocity
 Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
 With eye that rues th' invading day;
 And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
 The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark!—the voice replies,
 ' Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
 ' For here a guilty HERMIT lies,
 ' Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

' Though nature lent him powers to aid
 ' The moral cause, the mutual weal;
 ' Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
 ' The desperate suicide of zeal.

' Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
 ' Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
 ' Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
 ' His life is one continued crime.

' And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
 ' No symbols those of systems vain!
 ' They have the duties of their hour;
 ' Some bird, some insect, to sustain.'

THE

NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lily and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will skreen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen:

This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 "The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a GLOW-WORM, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cry'd, sure there never was in nature,
 So elegant, so fine a creature;
 All other insects that I see,
 The frugal ANT, industrious BEE,
 Or SILK-WORM with contempt I view;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,
 Who servilely their lives employ
 In business, enemy to joy.
 Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
 For grandeur only I was born,
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
 Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the GLOW-WORMS of the sky,
 And kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke: Attentive on a spray,
 A NIGHTINGALE forbore his lay;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare;
 Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain,
 Unheeded on the velvet plain;
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

THE

FIGHTING COCKS AND THE TURKEY.

TWO cocks of the genuine game-breed met
 by chance upon the confines of their respec-
 tive walks. To such *great* and *heroic* souls the

smallest matter imaginable affords occasion for dispute. They approach each other with pride and indignation; they look defiance; they crow a challenge; and immediately commences a long and bloody battle. It was fought on both sides with so much courage and dexterity; they gave and received such deep and desperate wounds; that they both lay down upon the turf utterly spent, blinded, and disabled. While this was their situation, a TURKEY, that had been a spectator of all that passed between them, drew near to the field of battle, and reproved them in this manner: "How foolish and absurd has been your quarrel, my good neighbours! A more ridiculous one could scarce have happened among the most contentious of all creatures, MEN. Because you have crowed perhaps in each other's hearing, or one of you has picked up a grain of corn upon the territories of his rival, you have both rendered yourselves miserable for the remainder of your days."

MORAL.

Litigious persons seldom consider, before they go to law, whether the conquest will be worth the cost.

 THE WALL-FLOWER.

"WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
 "That swells the golden breast of MAY,
 "Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
 "To waste her solitary day?
 "Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
 "The grove and genial garden call,
 "Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
 "Unheeded on the lonely wall?"

- “ For never sure was beauty born
 “ To live in DEATH’s deserted shade !
 “ Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
 “ My banks for life and beauty made.”

Thus pity wak’d the tender thought,
 And by her sweet persuasion led,
 To seize the hermit flower I sought,
 And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
 A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
 And smote my heart with holy fear—
 The genius of the ruin spoke :

- ‘ From thee be far th’ ungentle deed,
 ‘ The honours of the dead to spoil,
 ‘ Or take the sole remaining meed,
 ‘ The flower that crowns their former toil !
 ‘ Nor deem that flower the garden’s foe,
 ‘ Or fond to grace this barren shade ;
 ‘ ’Tis nature tells her to bestow
 ‘ Her honours on the lonely dead.
 ‘ For this obedient zephyrs bear
 ‘ Her light seeds round yon turret’s mould,
 ‘ And undispers’d by tempests there,
 ‘ They rise in vegetable gold.
 ‘ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
 ‘ Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
 ‘ Oft have they been, and oft shall be
 ‘ Truth’s, honour’s, valour’s, beauty’s grave.
 ‘ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
 ‘ As weary of th’ insulting air ;
 The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,
 ‘ The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.
 When that too shakes the trembling ground,
 ‘ Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
 ‘ And many a slumb’ring cottage round
 ‘ Startles—how still their hearts will lie !

- ‘Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
‘No more the smiling day shall view,
‘Should many a tender tale be told;
‘For many a tender thought is due.
- ‘Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
‘When evening brought the pensive hour,
‘Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
‘And stop to pluck the frequent flower?
- ‘Those flowers he surely meant to strew
‘On lost affection’s lowly cell;
‘Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
‘Forgotten, from his hand they fell.
- ‘Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
‘Been taught her first ROSE to resign?
‘With vain but pious fondness borne
‘To deck thy NANCY’s honour’d shrine!
- ‘’Tis nature pleading in the breast,
‘Fair memory of her works to find;
‘And when to fate she yields the rest,
‘She claims the monumental mind.
- ‘Why, else, the o’ergrown paths of time
‘Would thus the letter’d sage explore,
‘With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
‘And on the doubtful sculpture pore?
- ‘Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
‘Through DEATH’s dim walks to urge his way,
‘Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
‘And lead oblivion into day?
- ‘’Tis nature prompts, by toil or fear
‘Unmov’d, to range through DEATH’s domain:
‘The tender parent loves to hear
‘Her children’s story told again.
- ‘Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
‘If haply near these haunts he stray;
‘Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
‘That bloom to cheer his lonely way.’

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, CELIA, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 Disdain'd and rumpled from the bed!
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace,
 As NATURE ev'ry morn bestows
 The chrystal dew to cleanse the rose.
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
 Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
 Pray, madam, are you married? Yes.
 Nay! then indeed the wonder ceases,
 No matter now how loose your dress is;
 The end is won, your fortune's made,
 Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind!
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life.
 BEAUTY can only point the dart,
 'Tis NEATNESS guides it to the heart;
 Let NEATNESS then, and BEAUTY strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest than subdue;
 Admit us once behind the screen,
 What is there farther to be seen?
 A newer face may raise the flame,
 But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love;

Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen,
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And TIME's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A POET sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
APOLLO and the MUSES there;
Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his sab'ring head,
The goddess WANT her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What PHÆBUS faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who but the POET and my LORD!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And PLENTY wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now dropt, for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping MUSE,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his PATRON saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:—

" Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
" Whence has the sun of favour shone ?
" Delighted with thy tuneful art,
" Esteem was growing in my heart,
" But idly thou reject'st the charm
" That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
" Unthinking fools alone despise
" The arts that taught them first to rise."

THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR.

AN imprudent friend often does as much mischief by his too great zeal, as the worst enemy could effect by his malice.

A certain HERMIT having done a good office to a BEAR, the grateful creature was so sensible of his obligation, that he begged to be admitted as the guardian and companion of his solitude. The HERMIT willingly accepted his offer, and conducted him to his cell ; where they passed their time together in an amicable manner. One very hot day, the HERMIT having laid him down to sleep the officious BEAR employed himself in driving away the flies from his PATRON's face. But in spite of all his care, one of the FLIES perpetually returned to the attack, and at last settled upon the HERMIT's nose. " Now I shall have " you most certainly," said the BEAR ; and with the best intentions imaginable, gave him a violent blow on the face ; which very effectually indeed demolished the FLY, but at the same time most terribly bruised the face of his BENEFACTOR.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

AS duteous to the place of prayer,
 Within the convent's lonely walls,
 The holy sisters still repair,
 What time the rosy morning calls.

So fair each morn, so full of grace,
 Within their little garden rear'd,
 The flower of PHŒBUS turn'd her face
 To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,
 Her GOD in brighter glory burn'd,
 Still there her fond observant eye,
 And there her golden breast she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
 On western waves his beams to rest,
 Still there she sought the parting sight,
 And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,
 With folded leaves, and drooping head,
 Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd,
 The holy sisters smil'd to see,
 Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
 And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
 The praise that falls on ENVY's ear!
 O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
 The canker'd IVY chanc'd to hear.

And "See," she cry'd, "that specious flower,
 Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
 The pageant of a gilded hour,
 The convent's simple hearts hath won!

- “ Obsequious meanness ! ever prone
“ To watch the patron’s turning eye ;
“ No will, no motion of its own !
“ ’Tis this they love, for this they sigh :
“ Go, splendid sycophant ! no more
“ Display thy soft seductive arts !
“ The flattering clime of courts explore,
“ Nor spoil the convent’s simple hearts.
“ To me their praise more justly due,
“ Of longer bloom and happier grace !
“ Whom changing months unalter’d view,
“ And find them in my fond embrace.”
‘ How well,’ the modest flower reply’d,
‘ Can ENVY’s wrested eye elude
‘ The obvious bounds that still divide
‘ Foul flattery from fair gratitude.
‘ My duteous praise each hour I pay,
‘ For few the hours that I must live ;
‘ And give to him my little day,
‘ Whose grace another day may give.
‘ When low this golden form shall fall,
‘ And spread with dust its parent plain,
‘ That dust shall hear his genial call,
‘ And rise, to glory rise, again.
‘ To thee, my gracious pow’r, to thee
‘ My love, my heart, my life, are due !
‘ Thy goodness gave that life to be,
‘ Thy goodness shall that life renew.
‘ Ah me ! one moment from thy sight
‘ That thus my truant-eye should stray !
‘ The GOD of glory sets in night ;
‘ His faithless flower has lost a day.’
Sore griev’d the flower, and droop’d her head ;
And sudden tears her breast bedew’d ;
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, wrapp’d in holy wonder, view’d.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
 " Behold," the aged ABBESS cries,
 " An emblem of that happier fate,
 " Which HEAV'N to all but us denies.
 " Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
 " No charm but duty's charm can move;
 " We shed no tears but holy tears,
 " Of tender penitence and love.
 " See there the envious world pourtray'd,
 " In that dark look, that creeping pace!
 " No flower can bear the IVY's shade,
 " No tree support its cold embrace.
 " The oak that rears it from the ground,
 " And bears its tendrils to the skies,
 " Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
 " And in its pois'nous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
 Studious to teach her children dear,
 And they, by love or duty led,
 With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
 (In convents still the tale is known),
 The fable heard with silent care,
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,
 And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall,
 Too well she found her life display,
 Too well her fatal lot recal.

The treacherous IVY's gloomy strain,
 That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
 Too well that cruel scene convey'd,
 Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horror shook,
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell;
 To the dim light she cast one look,
 And bade once more the world farewell.

THE

WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shewn;
To choose belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens, and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A **WOLF**, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race
In num'rous crowds attend the place;
For why, a mighty **WOLF** he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He, solitary, cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive **LAMB**
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy **DAM**;
When **CUPID**, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the **WOLF** o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the **DAM** bespoke:
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;

These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
 At length have known enough of blood,
 And kinder business brings me now,
 Vanquish'd at beauty's feet to bow.
 You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
 A WOLF's address—In her I live;
 Love from her eye like lightning came,
 And set my marrow all on flame;
 Let your consent confirm my choice,
 And ratify our nuptial joys.
 Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
 What midnight robber dare invade
 The fold, if I the guard am made?
 At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
 While I secure his master's sheep.
 Discourse like this attention claim'd;
 Grandeur the MOTHER's breast inflam'd;
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands,
 Of flow'ry fields and turnip lands.
 The WOLF agrees.—Her bosom swells;
 To MISS her happy fate she tells;
 And of the grand alliance, vain,
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing LAMB with horror hears,
 And wearies out her DAM with pray'rs,
 But all in vain; mamma best knew
 What unexperienc'd girls should do:
 So, to a neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
 A formal ASS the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
 The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.
 With horror oft her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
 Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
 And at the glutton's table carv'd;

The crashing bones he grinds for food,
 And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.
 Love, who the cruel mind detests,
 And lodges but in gentle breasts,
 Was now no more.—Enjoyment past,
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;
 But (as we find in human race,
 A mask conceals the villain's face)
 Justice must authorize the treat;
 Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
 The hunters met him on the way;
 Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought,
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
 His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
 Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
 Food must be had—and lamb is nigh;
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.
 Is this, dissembling rage, he cry'd,
 The gentle virtue of a bride?
 That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
 She sets her husband for the chace?
 By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
 To scent his footsteps o'er the ground?
 Thou trait'ress vile, for this thy blood
 Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
 So saying, on the LAMB he flies,
 Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

THE FOX, though in general more inclined to roguery than to wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour the STORK. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the STORK found it consisted intirely of different soups, served up in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip ip the end of her bill, but could not possibly

satisfy her hunger. The FOX lapped it up very readily, and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment; hoped that every thing was seasoned to her mind; and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly. The STORK, perceiving she was played upon, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and, at parting, pressed the FOX so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not in civility refuse. The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment; but to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The STORK thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully; then turning to REYNARD, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled—"I am very glad," said she, smiling, "that you seem to have so good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table, as I did the other day at yours." REYNARD hung down his head, and looked very much displeased.—"Nay, nay," said the STORK, "don't pretend to be out of humour about the matter; they that cannot take a jest should never make one."

MORAL.

We should always reflect, before we rally another, whether we can bear to have the jest retorted.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terror sate:
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train!

Crowd the vast COURT. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

FEVER, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address:

"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."

Next GOUT appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard SPECTRE from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
'Prove my pretension to the place.'

STONE urg'd his ever-growing force.
And, next, CONSUMPTION's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:

"Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like FABIVS, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."

PLAGUE represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the MONARCH from the throne:

'Merit was ever modest known.

K

' What, no **PHYSICIAN** speak his right!
 ' None here! but fees their toils requite.
 ' Let then **INTEMP'RANCE** take the wand,
 ' Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
 ' You, **FEVER**, **GOUT**, and all the rest,
 ' (Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
 ' Forego your claim; no more pretend:
 ' **INTEMP'RANCE** is esteem'd a friend;
 ' He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 ' And, as a courted guest, destroys.
 ' The charge on him must justly fall,
 ' Who finds employment for you all.'

THE HERALD AND HUSBANDMAN.

I WITH friend **JUVENAL** agree,
 Virtue's the true nobility;
 Has of herself sufficient charms,
 Although without a coat of arms.
HONESTUS does not know the rules,
 Concerning **OR**, and **FEZ**, and **GULES**,
 Yet sets the wondering eye to gaze on
 Such deeds no **HERALD** ever could blaze on.
 Tawdry atchievements out of place,
 Do but augment a fool's disgrace;
 A coward is a double jest,
 Who has a lion for his crest,
 And things are come to such a pass,
 Two horses may support an ass;
 And on a gamester or buffoon,
 A moral motto's a lampoon.
 An honest **RUSTIC** having done
 His master's work 'twixt sun and sun,
 Retir'd to dress a little spot,
 Adjoining to his homely cot,
 Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
 His landlord's culinary ground,

Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,
 The winter's medicine or meal.
 The sage, which in his garden's seen,
 No man need ever die I ween;
 The marjorum comely to behold,
 With thyme, and ruddiest marygold,
 And mint, and pennyroyal sweet,
 To deck the cottage windows meet;
 And balm, that yields a finer juice
 Than all that CHINA can produce;
 With carrots red, and turnips white,
 And leeks CADWALLADER's delight;
 And all the savory crop that vie
 To please the palate and the eye.
 Thus, as intent, he did survey
 His plot, a HERALD came that way,
 A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge,
 And member of the motley college.
 Heedless the PEASANT pass'd he by,
 Indulging this soliloquy;
 "Ye gods! what an enormous space,
 " 'Twixt man and man does nature place;
 " While some by deeds of honour rise,
 " To such a height, as far outvies
 " The visible diurnal sphere;
 " While others, like this RUSTIC here,
 " Grope in the groveling ground content,
 " Without or lineage or descent.
 " Hail, HERALDRY! mysterious art,
 " Bright patroness of all desert,
 " Mankind would on a level lie,
 " And undistinguish'd live and die;
 " Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,
 " Such! so momentous is our trade."
 'Sir,' says the CLOWN, 'why sure you joke,'
 (And kept on digging as he spoke)
 'And prate not to extort conviction,
 ' But merrily by way of fiction.

' Say, do your manuscripts attest
 ' What was old father ADAM's crest?
 ' Did he a nobler coat receive
 ' In right of marrying MRS. EVE;
 ' Or had supporters when he kiss'd her,
 ' On dexter side, and side sinister;
 ' Or was his motto, prithee speak,
 ' ENGLISH, FRENCH, LATIN, WELCH, OR GREEK?
 ' Or was he not, without a lie,
 ' Just such a nobleman as I?
 ' Virtue, which great defects can stifle,
 ' May beam distinction on a trifle;
 ' And honour, with her native charms,
 ' May beautify a coat of arms;
 ' Realities sometimes will thrive,
 ' E'en by appearance kept alive;
 ' But by themselves, GULES, OR, and FEZ,
 ' Are cyphers, neither more or less:
 ' Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
 ' Be honest in the worst of times:
 ' Health's on my countenance impress'd,
 ' And sweet content's my daily guest,
 ' My fame alone I build on this,
 ' And garter king at arms may kiss.'—

THE CANDLE AND THE SNUFFERS.

"NO author ever spar'd a brother:
 " Wits are game cocks to one another."
 But no antipathy so strong,
 Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long,
 As that which rages in the breast
 Of CRITIC, and of WIT profest.
 When, eager for some bold emprise,
 WIT, TITAN-like, affects the skies;

When, full of energy divine,
 The mighty dupe of all the nine,
 Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
 The critic comes, and cuts the string;
 Hence dire contention often grows
 'Twixt man of verse and man of prose;
 While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
 And measures wit by line and rule;
 And, as he lops off FANCY'S limb,
 Turns executioner of whim;
 While GENIUS, which too oft disdains
 To bear e'en honourable chains,
 (Such as a SHERIFF'S self might wear,
 Or grace the wisdom of a MAY'R)
 Turns rebel to dame REASON'S throne,
 And holds no judgment like his own.

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
 In idle threats that cannot hurt,
 Methinks they waste a deal of time,
 Both fool in prose and fool in rhyme.
 And when the angry BARD exclaims,
 And calls a thousand paltry names,
 He doth his CRITIC mighty wrong,
 And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past,
 The tale, or story, comes at last.

A CANDLE, stuck in flaring state
 Within the nozzle of FRENCH plate,
 Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
 The snuff and flame of wond'rous height,
 (For, virgin yet of amputation,
 No force had check'd its inclination)
 Sullen address'd, with conscious pride,
 The dormant SNUFFERS at its side.

" Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
 " Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
 " Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
 " See how my beams triumphant soar!

" See how I gaily blaze alone,
 " With strength, with lustre all my own."
 ' Lustre, good sir!' the SNUFFERS cry'd,
 ' Alas! how ignorant is pride!
 ' Thy light, which wavers round the room,
 ' Shows as the counterfeit of gloom;
 ' Thy snuff, which idly tow'rs so high,
 ' Will waste thy essence by and by;
 ' Which, as I prize thy lustre dear,
 ' I fain would lop, to make thee clear.
 ' Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
 ' Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,
 ' You shine but as a beggar's link,
 ' To burn away, and die in stink;
 ' No merit waits unsteady light,
 ' You must burn *true* as well as *bright*.
 POETS, like CANDLES, all are puffers,
 And CRITICS are the CANDLE SNUFFERS.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

HOW apt are men to condemn in others what they practise themselves without scruple!

A WOLF, says PLUTARCH, peeping into a hut,
 where a company of SHEPHERDS were regaling
 themselves with a joint of mutton; "Lord," said
 he, "what a clamour would these men have raised,
 " if they had caught *me* at such a banquet!"

THE

EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

THE BIRDS in place, by faction press'd,
 To JUPITER their pray'rs address'd;
 By specious lies the state was vex'd,
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
 They begg'd, (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.

JOVE grants their suit. The EAGLE sate,
Decider of the grand debate.

The PYE, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.

Says he, 'Prolixity of phrase

'You know I hate. This libel says,

"Some birds there are who, prone to noise,

"Are hir'd to silence WISDOM's voice;

"And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,

"Rise by their emptiness to pow'er."

'That this is aim'd direct at me,

'No doubt, you'll readily agree;

'Yet well this sage assembly knows,

'By parts to government I rose;

'My prudent counsels prop the state;

'MAGPIES were never known to prate.'

The KITE rose up. His honest heart

In VIRTUE's sull'rings bore a part.

That there were birds of prey he knew;

So far the libeller said true,

"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,

"Who knew no int'rest but their own;

"Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,

"Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."

This might be true—but if apply'd

To him, in troth, the sland'rer ly'd.

Since IGN'RANCE then might be misled,

Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The CROW was vext. As yester-morn

He flew across the new-sown corn,

A screaming boy was set for pay,

He knew, to drive the CROWS away:

SCANDAL had found him out in turn,

And buzz'd abroad, that CROWS love corn.

The OWL arose, with solemn face,

And thus harangu'd upon the case:

'That MAGPIES prate, it may be true;

'A KITE may be voracious too;

'CROWS sometimes deal in new-sown pease

'He libels not, who strikes at these;

‘ The slander’s here—“ But there are birds,
 “ Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words ;
 “ Blund’rers who level in the dark,
 “ And always shoot beside the mark.”
 ‘ He names not me ; but these are hints
 ‘ Which manifest at whom he squints ;
 ‘ I were indeed that blund’ring fowl,
 ‘ To question if he meant an OWL.’
 “ Ye wretches, hence !” the EAGLE cries,
 “ ’Tis conscience, conscience that applies ;
 “ The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 “ Secur’d by innocence from harm ;
 “ While GUILT, and his associate FEAR,
 “ Are startled at the passing air.”

THE LITIGIOUS CATS.

TWO CATS having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order therefore to settle the dispute, they consented to refer the matter to a MONKEY. The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office, and producing a balance, put a part into each scale. “ Let me see,” said he, “ ay—this lump outweighs the other :” and immediately bit off a considerable piece, in order to reduce it, he observed, to an equilibrium. The opposite scale was now become the heaviest ; which afforded our conscientious judge an additional reason for a second mouthful. ‘ Hold, hold,’ said the two CATS, who began to be alarmed for the event, ‘ give us our respective shares, and we are satisfied.’ If you “ are satisfied,” returned the MONKEY, “ JUSTICE “ is not : a case of this intricate nature is by no “ means so soon determined.” Upon which he continued to nibble first one piece, and then the other, till the poor CATS, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, intreated him to give himself

no farther trouble, but deliver to them what remained. "Not so fast, I beseech you, friends," replied the MONKEY; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you: what remains is due to me in right of my office." Upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.

MORAL.

The scales of judicature are seldom poised, till little or nothing remains in either.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

AS CUPID in CYTHEREA'S grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the spring;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus HYMEN, with assuming air,
Address'd the GOD: "Thou purblind chit,
"Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
"If matches are not better made,
"At once I must forswear my trade.
"You send me such ill-coupled folks,
"That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
"They squabble for a pin, a feather,
"And wonder how they came together.
"The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
"The wife grows slippant in reply;
"He loves command and due restriction,
"And she as well likes contradiction:
"She never slavishly submits;
"She'll have her will, or have her fits.
"He this way tugs, she t'other draws:
"The man grows jealous, and with cause.

" Nothing can save him but divorce;
 " And here the wife complies of course."
 ' When,' says the BOY, ' had I to do
 ' With either your affairs or you?
 ' I never idly spend my darts;
 ' You trade in mercenary hearts.
 ' For settlements the LAWYER's fee'd;
 ' Is my hand witness to the deed?
 ' If they like cat and dog agree,
 ' Go rail at PLUTUS, not at me.'
 PLUTUS appear'd, and said, "'Tis true,
 " In marriage gold is all their view:
 " They seek not beauty, wit, or sense;
 " And love is seldom the pretence.
 " All offer incense at my shrine,
 " And I alone the bargain sign.
 " How can BELINDA blame her fate?
 " She only ask'd a great estate.
 " DORIS was rich enough, 'tis true:
 " Her lord must give her title too:
 " And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
 " A fortune asks, and asks no more."
 Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its cares.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD's DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit,
 With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
 Presuming on his own deserts,
 On all alike his tongue exerts;
 His noisy jokes at random throws,
 And pertly spatters friends and foes;
 In wit and war the bully race
 Contribute to their own disgrace.
 Too late the forward youth shall find
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;

Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A VILLAGE CUR, of snappish race,
The pertest PUPPY of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with MUSIC's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scours, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A PAD came pacing down the way:
The CUR, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.
The HORSE, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The PUPPY howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The PAD in peace pursu'd his way.

A SHEPHERD'S DOG, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
"They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
"Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
"Thou hadst not, like a PUPPY, dy'd."

THE EAGLE AND THE CROW.

TO mistake our own talents, or over-rate our abilities, is always ridiculous, and sometimes dangerous.

An EAGLE, from the top of a high mountain, making a stoop at a lamb, pounced it, and bore it

away to her young. A CROW, who had built her nest in a cedar near the foot of the rock, observing what passed, was ambitious of performing the same exploit, and, darting from her nest, fixed her talons in the fleece of another lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor to disentangle her feet, she was taken by the SHEPHERD, and carried away for his children to play with; who eagerly enquiring what bird it was,—“An hour ago,” said he, “she fancied herself an EAGLE; however, I suppose she is by this time convinced that she is but a CROW.”

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
 Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
 And e'er you venture to confide,
 Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
 Weigh well his manners, life and scope;
 On these depends thy future hope.
 As on a time, in peaceful reign,
 A BULL enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
 A MASTIFF pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
 He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
 Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
 And roar'd aloud: “Suspend the fight;
 “In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
 “Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
 “What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
 “Is it ambition fires thy breast,
 “Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
 “From these alone unjustly springs
 “The world-destroying wrath of kings.”
 The surly MASTIFF thus returns:
 ‘Within my bosom glory burns.

' Like heroes of eternal name,
 ' Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
 ' The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
 ' To daily war my youth inclin'd;
 ' He train'd me to heroic deed;
 ' Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.'
 " Curs'd DOG!" the BULL reply'd, " no more
 " I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
 " For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
 " Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
 " His daily murders in thy view)
 " Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
 " Take then thy fate." With goring wound,
 At once he lifts him from the ground;
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION, in the flight
 Of young DESIRE and gay DELIGHT,
 Began to think upon a mate;
 As weary of a single state;
 For sick of change, as left at will,
 And cloy'd with entertainment still,
 She thought it better to be grave,
 To settle, to take up, and save.
 She therefore to her chamber sped,
 And thus at first attir'd her head:
 Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
 Her tow'r of beamy gold she plac'd;
 Her ears with pendant jewels glow'd
 Of various water, curious mode,
 As nature sports the wint'ry ice,
 In many a whimsical device.

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Her eye-brows arch'd upon the stream
 Of rays, beyond the piercing beam ;
 Her cheeks in matchless colour high,
 She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye :
 Her paps, as white as fancy draws,
 She cover'd with a crimson gauze ;
 And on her wings she threw perfume
 From buds of everlasting bloom.
 Her zone, ungirded from her vest,
 She wore across her swelling breast ;
 On which, in gems, this verse was wrought—
 " I make and shift the scenes of thought."
 In her right hand a wand she held,
 Which magic's utmost power excell'd ;
 And in her left retains a chart,
 With figures far surpassing art,
 Of other natures, suns and moons,
 Of other moves to higher tunes.
 The sylphs and sylphids, fleet as light,
 The faries of the gamesome night,
 The muses, graces, all attend
 Her service to her journey's end ;
 And FORTUNE, sometimes at her hand,
 Is now the fav'rite of her band,
 Dispatch'd before the news to bear,
 And all th' adventure to prepare.

Beneath an holm-tree's friendly shade,
 Was REASON's little cottage made ;
 Before a river deep and still ;
 Behind a rocky soaring hill.
 Himself adorn'd in seemly plight,
 Was reading to the eastern light ;
 And ever as he meekly knelt,
 Upon the book of WISDOM dwelt.
 The spirit of the shifting wheel,
 Thus first essay'd his pulse to feel.—
 " The nymph supreme o'er works of wit,
 " O'er labour'd plan and lucky hit,

" Is coming to your homely cot,
 " To call you to a nobler lot ;
 " I, FORTUNE, promise wealth and pow'r,
 " By way of matrimonial dow'r :
 " Preferment crowns the golden day,
 " When fair occasion leads the way."
 Thus spake the frail capricious dame,
 When she that sent the message came.—
 ' From first invention's highest sphere,
 ' I, queen of IMAG'RY appear :
 ' And throw myself at REASON's feet,
 ' Upon a weighty point to treat ;
 ' You dwell alone, and are too grave,
 ' You make yourself too much a slave ;
 ' Your shrewd deductions run a length,
 ' Till all your spirits waste their strength :
 ' Your fav'rite logic is full close ;
 ' Your morals are too much a dose ;
 ' You ply your studies till you risk
 ' Your senses—you should be more brisk—
 ' The doctors soon will find a flaw,
 ' And lock you up in chains and straw.
 ' But, if you are inclin'd to take
 ' The gen'rous offer which I make,
 ' I'll lead you from this hole and ditch,
 ' To gay conception's topmost pitch ;
 ' To those bright plains, where crowd in swarms
 ' The spirits of fantastic forms :
 ' To planets populous with elves ;
 ' To nature still above themselves,
 ' By soaring to the wond'rous height
 ' Of notions which they still create ;
 ' I'll bring you to the pearly cars,
 ' By dragons drawn, above the stars ;
 ' To colours of ARABIAN glow ;
 ' And to the heart-dilating show
 ' Of paintings which surmount the life :
 ' At once your tut'ress and your wife.'—

"—Soft, soft," says REASON, "lovely friend;
 " Though to a parley I attend,
 " I cannot take thee for a mate:
 " I'm lost if e'er I change my state.
 " But whensoever your raptures rise,
 " I'll try to come with my supplies;
 " To muster up my sober aid,
 " What time your lively pow'rs invade;
 " To act conjointly in the war
 " Of DULLNESS, whom we both abhor;
 " And ev'ry sally that you make,
 " I must be there for conduct's sake;
 " Thy correspondent, thine ally:
 " Or any thing but BIND and TIE—
 " But, ere this treaty be agreed,
 " Give me thy wand and winged steed:
 " Take thou this compass and this rule,
 " That WIT may cease to play the fool;
 " And that thy vot'ries who are born
 " For praise, may never sink to scorn."

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
 The patient flock, in silent fright,
 From far beheld the horrid sight.
 A savage boar, who near them stood,
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood:
 " All cowards should be serv'd like you.
 " See, see, your murderer is in view:
 " With purple hands, and reeking knife,
 " He strips the skin yet warm with life.
 " Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
 " The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
 " Call for revenge. O stupid race!
 " The heart that wants revenge is base."

'I grant,' an ancient RAM replies,
 'We bear no terror in our eyes;
 'Yet think us not of soul so tame,
 'Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
 'Insensible of ev'ry ill,
 'Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 'Know, those who violence pursue,
 'Give to themselves the vengeance due;
 'For in these massacres they find
 'The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
 'Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
 'It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
 'And well revenge may rest contented,
 'Since drums and parchment were invented.'

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast
 The god of fond desires repair;
 Implore him for a gentle guest,
 Implore him with unwearied prayer.
 Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
 Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
 Should these thy wand'ring eye beguile,
 And steal thy wariless heart away;
 That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
 And soon the erring eye deplore,
 If in the beauteous bosom dwell
 No gentle virtue's genial store.
 Far from his hive, one summer day,
 A young and yet unpractis'd BEE,
 Borne on his tender wings away,
 Went forth the flowery world to see.
 The morn, the noon, in play he pass'd,
 But when the shades of ev'ning came,
 No parent brought the due repast,
 And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
 The bosom of a flower he sought,
 Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
 And VIOLETS all the bank enwrought,

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
 On that fair bank a PANSY grew,
 That borrow'd from indulgent skies,
 A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
 The velvet shade, the purple hue,
 The stranger wonder'd to behold
 And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
 At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
 When o'er the hardly-bending meads
 He springs on more than mortal feet:

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
 When stealing near her orient breast;
 Than felt the fond enamour'd BEE,
 When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untry'd,
 His heart in beauty's magic spell!
 So never passion thee betide,
 But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
 No soul-sustaining charms abound;
 No honey'd sweetness to repair
 The languid waste of life is found.

An aged BEE, whose labours led
 Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
 His feeble wing, his drooping head
 Beheld, and pity'd to behold:

" Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
 " That courts thine eye with fair attire;
 " Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
 " Will smile to see that heart expire.

" This modest flower of humbler hue,
 " That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
 " Array'd in unbespangled blue,
 " The simple clothing of the skies—
 " This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
 " May yet thy languid life renew ;"
 He said, and to the VIOLET's breast
 The little vagrant faintly flew.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part.
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise.
 In vain malicious tongues assail ;
 Let ENVY snarl, let SLANDER rail,
 From VIRTUE's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted, venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If in his country's cause he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart ;
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
 Must be controul'd by place and season.
 What statesman could his pow'r support,
 Were lying tongues forbid the court ?
 Did princely ears to truth attend,
 What minister could gain his end ?
 How could he raise his tools to place,
 And how his honest foes disgrace ?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade,
His pow'r is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the int'rest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded.
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

ANTIOCHUS, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, lost, from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest!
The PARTHIAN clown brought forth his best.
The king, unknown, his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

"We country-folks," the clown replies,
"Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
"The king, as all our neighbours say,
"Might he, God bless him! have his way,
"Is sound at heart, and means our good,
"And he would do it, if he cou'd.
"If truth in courts were not forbid,
"Nor kings nor subjects would be rid:
"Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him,
"But that transferr'd to those about him,
"On them he throws the regal cares:
"And what mind they? Their own affairs.
"If such rapacious hands he trust,
"The best of men may seem unjust.
"From kings to cobblers 'tis the same:
"Bad servants wound their master's fame.
"In this our neighbours all agree:
"Would the king knew as much as we."

Here he stopt short. Repose they sought,
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.

The clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The king then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke: ' Since, bent on private gain,
' Your counsels first misled my reign,
' Taught and inform'd by you alone,
' No truth the royal ear hath known,
' Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew!
' For now I know myself and you.'

Whenever the royal ear's ingrost,
State-lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poison dares instil;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dare not innocence accuse.
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not write and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.

Had he the use of ears and eyes,
 Knaves would no more be counted wise;
 But then a minister might lose
 (Hard case !) his own ambitious views.
 When such as these have vex'd a state,
 Pursu'd by universal hate,
 Their false support at once hath fail'd,
 And persevering truth prevail'd,
 Expos'd their train of fraud is seen ;
 Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country 'SQUIRE, by whim directed,
 The true staunch dogs of chace neglected.
 Beneath his board no hound was fed ;
 His hand, ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head ;
 A snappish CUR, alone carest,
 By lies had banish'd all the rest.
 YAP had his ear ; and defamation
 Gave him full scope of conversation.
 His sycophants must be prefer'd,
 Room must be had for all his herd :
 Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
 Old faithful servants all must out.

The CUR on ev'ry creature flew,
 (As other great mens' puppies do).
 Unless due court to him were shown,
 And both their face and business known,
 No honest tongue an audience found :
 He worried all the tenants round ;
 For why, he liv'd in constant fear
 Lest truth, by chance, should interfere.
 If any stranger dare intrude,
 The noisy CUR his heels pursu'd ;
 Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
 At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
 Aloof he bays, with bristling hair ;
 And thus in secret growls his fear :
 " Who knows but truth in this disguise
 " May frustrate my best guarded lies ?
 " Should she, thus mask'd, admittance find,
 That very hour my ruin's sign'd."

Now, in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, their voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That YAP, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play
They frisk'd the joyous hours away;
Thus, by untimely love pursuing,
Like ANTONY, he sought his ruin.

For now the 'SQUIRE, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.

'Be free,' says he, 'your mind impart;
'I love a friendly open heart.

'Methinks my tenants shun my gate,

'Why such a stranger grown of late?

'Pray tell me what offence they find:

'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.'

"Turn off your CUR," the FARMER cries,

"Who feeds your ear with daily lies;

"His snarling insolence offends:

"Tis he that keeps you from your friends.

"Were but that saucy puppy checkt,

"You'd find again the same respect.

"Hear only him, he'll swear it too,

"That all our hatred is to you;

"But learn from us your true estate,

"Tis that curs'd CUR alone we hate."

The 'SQUIRE heard truth. Now YAP rush'd in;

The wide hall echoes with his din:

Yet truth prevail'd; and with disgrace,

The DOG was cudgell'd out of place.

MINERVA's OLIVE.

THE gods, say the heathen mythologists, have each of them their favourite tree. JUPITER preferred the OAK, VENUS the MYRTLE, and PHŒBUS the LAUREL; CYBELE the PINE, and HERCULES the POPLAR. MINERVA, surprized that they should choose barren trees, asked JUPITER the reason.—“It is,” said he, “to prevent any suspicion that we confer the honour we do them, from an interested motive.” ‘Let FOLLY suspect what it pleases,’ returned MINERVA; ‘I shall not scruple to acknowledge, that I make choice of the OLIVE for the usefulness of its fruit.’ “O daughter,” replied the father of the GODS, “it is with justice that men esteem thee wise; for nothing is truly valuable that is not useful.”

MORAL.

Whatever fancy may determine, the standing value of all things is in proportion to their use.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow
 Whose search is bent himself to know;
 Impartially he weighs his scope,
 And on firm reason founds his hope;
 He tries his strength before the race,
 And never seeks his own disgrace;
 He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
 Or never launches from the shore;
 Before he builds, computes the cost;
 And in no proud pursuit is lost,

He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If, then, self knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A COXCUMB claims distinction most.

COXCUMBS are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small;
And vanity besets 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume who know the least;
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

Not that all COXCUMBS follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To diff'rent merits each pretends,
This in love-vanity transcends;
That smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
T'other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with COXCUMBS of ambition;
For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Assume a nation's various care.

They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just,

For these, in part alone, attest

The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.

In this wide sphere a COXCUMB's shown

In other realms beside his own:

The self-deem'd MACHIAVEL at large

By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.

Does commerce suffer in her rights?

'Tis he directs the naval flights,

M

What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.

Now meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew:
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance, nought undismay'd,
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A BEAR, of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rously and safe from harm,
Year after year, he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts;
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts with admiration stare,
And think him a prodigious BEAR.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:

For why, he found there might be picking
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weaning pride
In ev'ry province will preside ;
No task too difficult was found,
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts,
He over-rules the FOX's parts.

It chanc'd, as on a certain day
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor, floated near the shore ;
He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain :

“ What blund'ring puppies are mankind,

“ In every science always blind !

“ I mock the pedantry of schools.

“ What are their compasses and rules ?

“ From me that helm shall conduct learn,

“ And man his ignorance discern.”

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, lin'd the strand,
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land :
The slack sail shifts from side to side ;
The boat untrim'd admits the tide,
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost,
The BEAR presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still ;
Till striking on the dang'rous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distrest,
The very fishes sneer and jest.
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.

The clam'rous watermen appear;
 Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear;
 Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
 Derision shouts along the strand.

THE BAG-WIG AND THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

A BAG-WIG of a jauntie air,
 Trick'd up with all a BARBER's care,
 Loaded with powder and perfume,
 Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room:
 Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
 A black TOBACCO-PIPE was laid;
 And with its vapours, far and near,
 Outstunk the essence of MONSIEUR;
 At which its rage, the thing of hair,
 Thus bristling up, began declare.

“Bak'd dirt! that with intrusion rude
 Break'st in upon my solitude,
 And whose offensive breath defiles
 The air for forty thousand miles—
 Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
 O barb'rous ENGLISH! horrid DUTCH!
 I cannot bear it—Here, SUE, NAN,
 Go call the maid to call the man,
 And bid him come without delay
 To take this odious PIPE away.
 Hideous! sure some one smok'd thee, friend,
 Reversely, at his t'other end.
 Oh! what mix'd odours! what a throng
 Of salt and sour, of stale and strong!
 A most unnatural combination,
 Enough to mar all perspiration—
 Monstrous! again—'twould vex a saint!
 SUSAN, the drops—or else I faint!”
 The PIPE (for 'twas a PIPE of soul)
 Raising himself upon his bole,

In smoke like oracle of old,
Did thus his sentiments unfold :

‘ Why, what’s the matter, GOODMAN SWAGGER,
‘ Thou flaunting FRENCH fantastic bragger ?
‘ Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
‘ Ridiculous and heterodox.
‘ ’Twas better for the ENGLISH nation
‘ Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
‘ When none sought hair in realms unknown,
‘ But every blockhead bore his own.
‘ Know, PUPPY, I’m an ENGLISH PIPE,
‘ Deem’d worthy of each BRITON’s gripe ;
‘ Who, with my cloud-compelling aid
‘ Help our plantations and our trade ;
‘ And am, when sober and when mellow,
‘ An upright, downright, honest fellow.
‘ Though fools like you may think me rough,
‘ And scorn me, ’cause I am in buff,
‘ Yet your contempt I glad receive,
‘ ’Tis all the fame that you can give :
‘ None finery or fopp’ry prize,
‘ But they who’ve something to disguise ;
‘ For simple nature hates abuse,
‘ And plainness is the dress of use.”

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir’d with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv’d (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim’d ; the day was set :
Behold the general council met,
The FOX was viceroy nam’d. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow’d ;
WOLVES, BEARS, and mighty TYGERS bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.

He strait assumes a solemn grace,
 Collects his wisdom in his face.
 'The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
 Each word hath weight and consequence.
 'The flatt'rer all his art displays:
 He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
 A FOX step'd forth before the rest,
 And thus the servile throng address'd:—
 "How vast his talents! born to rule;
 "And train'd in VIRTUE's honest school!
 "What clemency his temper sways!
 "How uncorrupt are all his ways!
 "Beneath his conduct and command,
 "Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
 "His brain hath stratagem and art;
 "Prudence and mercy rule his heart;
 "What blessings must attend the nation
 "Under this good administration!"

He said. A GOOSE, who distant stood,
 Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
 'Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
 'He bids me shun his worthy friend.
 'What praise! what mighty commendation!
 'But 'twas a FOX who spoke th' oration.
 'FOXES this government may prize,
 'As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
 'If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
 'We GEESE must feel a tyrant reign.
 'What havock now shall thin our race,
 'When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
 'To prove his taste, and seem polite,
 'Will feed on GEESE both noon and night.'

THE CAT AND THE BAT.

A CAT having devoured her master's favourite
 BULFINCH, overheard him threatening to put
 her to death the moment he could find her. In
 this distress she preferred a prayer to JUPITER;

vowing, if he would deliver her from her present danger, that never while she lived would she eat another BIRD. Not long afterwards, a BAT most invitingly flew into the room where PUSS was purring in the window. The question was, how to act upon so tempting an occasion? Her appetite pressed hard on one side; and her vow threw some scruples in her way on the other. At length she hit upon a most convenient distinction to remove all difficulties, by determining that as a BIRD indeed it was unlawful prize, but as a MOUSE she might very conscientiously eat it; and accordingly, without further debate, fell to the repast.

MORAL.

It is easy to find reasons to justify any thing we are inclined to do.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE REED that once the shepherd blew
On cold CEPHISUS' hollow'd side,
To SYLLA's cruel bow apply'd,
Its inoffensive master siew.

Stay, bloody soldier! stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music soothe the thirst of death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake his vocal soul again.

CEPHISUS, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting sigh'd each trembling REED.

- " Fair offspring of my waves," he cry'd,
 " That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
 " Pride of the plains, the rivers pride,
 " For music, peace, and beauty born!
 " Ah, what unheedful have we done?
 " What demons here in death delight?
 " What fiends that curse the social sun?
 " What furies of infernal night?
 " See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed!
 " Each heart in harmony that vy'd,
 " Smote by its own melodious REED,
 " Lies cold along my blushing side.
 " Back to your urn, my waters, fly,
 " Or find in earth some secret way;
 " For horror dims yon conscious sky,
 " And hell has issued into day."

Through DELPHI's holy depth of shade
 The sympathetic sorrows ran;
 While in his dim and mournful glade
 The genius of her groves began:

- ' In vain CEPHISUS sighs to save
 ' The swain that loves his wat'ry mead,
 ' And weeps to see his reddening wave,
 ' And mourns for his perverted REED:
 ' In vain my violated groves
 ' Must I with equal grief bewail,
 ' While desolation sternly roves,
 ' And bids the sanguine hand assail.
 ' God of the genial stream, behold
 ' My LAUREL shades of leaves so bare!
 ' Those leaves no poet's brows unfold,
 ' Nor bind APOLLO's golden hair.
 ' Like thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
 ' Far other purpose they supply;
 ' The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
 ' And on his frownful temples die.

‘Yet deem not these of PLUTO’s race,
 ‘Whom wounded nature sues in vain;
 ‘PLUTO disclaims the dire disgrace,
 ‘And cries, indignant,—They are men.’

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where’er her eyes dispense their charms,
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The slightest flap a fly can chase:
 But who can drive the numerous breed?
 Chase one, another will succeed.
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
 One sop will recommend another:
 And with this plague she’s rightly curst,
 Because she listen’d to the first.

As DORIS, at her toilet’s duty,
 Sat meditating on her beauty,
 She now was pensive, now was gay,
 And lull’d the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
 A giddy WASP around her flies;
 He now advances, now retires,
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
 Her fan in vain defends her charms,
 Swift he returns, again alarms;
 For by repulse he bolder grew,
 Perch’d on her lip, and sipt the dew.
 She frowns; she frets. “Good gods!” she cries,
 “Protect me from these teasing flies!”
 “Of all the plagues that heav’n hath sent,
 “A WASP is most impertinent.”
 The hovering insect thus complain’d:
 ‘Am I then slighted, scorn’d, disdain’d?

' Can such offence your anger wake ?
 ' 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
 ' Those cherry lips, that breathe perfume,
 ' That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
 ' Made me with strong desire pursue
 ' The fairest peach that ever grew.'
 " Strike him not, JENNY," DORIS cries,
 " Nor murder wasps like vulgar flies !
 " For though he's free, to do him right,
 " The creature's civil and polite."

In ecstasies away he posts,
 Where'er he came, the favour boasts ;
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
 And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew ;
 Sure of success, away they flew :
 They share the dainties of the day,
 Round her with airy music play :
 And now they flutter, now they rest,
 Now soar again, and skim her breast ;
 Nor were they banish'd, till she found
 That WASPS have stings, and felt the wound.

PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS formed man of the finest clay,
 and animated his work with fire stolen from
HEAVEN. He endowed him with all the faculties
 that are to be found amongst the animal creation :
 he gave him the courage of the **LION**, the subtlety
 of the **FOX**, the providence of the **ANT**, and the
 industry of the **BEE** ; and he enabled him, by the
 superiority of his understanding, to subdue them
 all, and to make them subservient to his use and
 pleasure. He discovered to him the metals hidden
 in the bowels of the earth, and shewed him their
 several uses. He instructed him in every thing
 that might tend to cultivate and civilize human
 life ; he taught him to till the ground, and to im-

prove the fertility of NATURE ; to build houses, to cover himself with garments, and to defend himself against the inclemencies of the air and the seasons ; to compound medicines of salutary herbs, to heal wounds, and to cure diseases ; to construct ships, to cross the seas, and to communicate to every country the riches of all. In a word, he endued him with sense and memory, with sagacity and invention, with art and science ; and, to crown all, he gave him an insight into futurity. But, alas ! this latter gift, instead of improving, wholly destroyed the proper effect of all the former. Furnished with all the means and instruments of happiness, MAN nevertheless was miserable ; through the knowledge and dread of future evil, he was incapable of enjoying present good. PROMETHEUS saw, and immediately resolved to remedy this inconvenience : he effectually restored MAN to a capacity of happiness, by depriving him of *prescience*, and giving him *hope* in its stead.

MORAL.

The blessing of *hope* is better adapted to the state of mortals, than the gift of *prescience*.

THE BALD-PATED WELCHMAN AND
THE FLY.

A 'SQUIRE of WALES, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other 'squire,
Hasty and hot ; whose peevish honour
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to SOL's meridian ray ;
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore :
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade ;

Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet;
Oft in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd AGE had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy FLY offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spite,
Teaz'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now, at last familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown;
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore.
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious 'SQUIRE, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace,
From insect of so mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow:
The nimble FLY escap'd by flight,
And skip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke, with all its weight,
Fell on his own beloved pate.

Thus much he gain'd by this advent'rous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and
great. }

Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a FLY.
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:
Let CRANES and PIGMIES in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the generous EAGLE's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young AMMON scorns to run with less than kings.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER

THE the man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight;
What strange wonders does he write?
We read, and in description view
Creatures which ADAM never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that ELEPHANTS are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
BORRI records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the HANGMAN's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.

Let those who question this report,
To **PLINY**'s ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now (like them) the **GREEK** can read !

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er :
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding ;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd ;
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ,
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read :—

“ Man with strong reason is endow'd ;
“ A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
“ But let this author's worth be try'd,
“ 'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
“ Can he discern the diff'rent natures,
“ And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
“ Who by the partial work hath shown
“ He knows so little of his own ?
“ How falsely is the **SPANIEL** drawn !
“ Did **MAN** from him first learn to fawn ?
“ A **DOG** proficient in the trade !
“ He, the chief flatt'rer **NATURE** made !
“ Go, **MAN**, the ways of courts discern,
“ You'll find a **SPANIEL** still might learn.
“ How can the **FOX**'s theft and plunder
“ Provoke his censure or his wonder ?
“ From **COURTIERS** tricks and **LAWYERS** arts,
“ The **FOX** might well improve his parts.
“ The **LION**, **WOLF**, and **TYGER**'s brood,
“ He curses for their thirst of blood :
“ But is not **MAN** to **MAN** a prey ?
“ **BEASTS** kill for hunger, **MEN** for pay.”

The BOOKSELLER, who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of GREEK,
 Thought, what a genius have I found !
 Then thus address'd, with bow profound :
 ' Learn'd sir, if you'd employ your pen
 ' Against the senseless sons of men,
 ' Or write the history of SIAM ;
 ' No man is better pay than I am :
 ' Or, since you're learn'd in GREEK, let's see,
 ' Something against the TRINITY.'

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
 " Friend," quoth the ELEPHANT, " you're drunk ;
 " E'en keep your money, and be wise :
 " Leave MAN on MAN to criticise ;
 " For that you ne'er can want a pen
 " Among the senseless sons of MEN.
 " They, unprovok'd, will court the fray :
 " Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
 " No author ever spar'd a brother ;
 " Wits are game-cocks to one another."

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A HAPLESS youth, whom fates averse had drove
 To a strange passion, and preposterous love,
 Long'd to possess his PUSS's spotted charms,
 And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
 To what odd whimsies love inveigles men ?
 Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
 Rack'd with his passion, and in deep despair,
 The youth to VENUS thus address his prayer :

" O queen of beauty ! since thy CUPID's dart
 " Has fir'd my soul, and rankles in my heart ;
 " Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
 " From thee at least a remedy I claim ;
 " If once, to bless PIGMALION's longing arms,
 " The marble soften'd into living charms ;

" And warm with life the purple current ran
 " In circling streams through every flinty vein;
 " If, with his own creating hands display'd,
 " He hugg'd the statue, and embrac'd a maid;
 " And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
 " The pride of nature, and the boast of art:
 " Hear my request, and crown my wond'rous flame,
 " The same its nature, be thy gift the same;
 " Give me the like unusual joys to prove,
 " And though irregular, indulge my love."

Delighted VENUS heard the moving prayer,
 And soon resolv'd to ease the lover's care,
 To set MISS TABBY off with every grace,
 To dress, and fit her for the youth's embrace.

Now she by gradual change her form forsook,
 First her round face an oval figure took;
 The roguish dimples next his heart beguile,
 And each grave whisker soften'd to a smile,
 Unusual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
 Her solemn purring dwindled to a sigh:
 Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat display'd,
 A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
 And for the tail in waving circles play'd. }
 Her fur, as destin'd still her charms to deck,
 Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.

In the fine lady now her shape was lost,
 And by such strange degrees she grew a toast;
 Was all for ombre now; and who but she,
 To talk of modes and scandal o'er her tea;
 To settle every fashion of the sex,
 And run through all the female politics;
 To spend her time at toilet and basset,
 To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
 From a grave thinking mouser, she was grown
 The gayest flirt that coach'd it round the town.

But see how often some intruding woe
 Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow!
 For as the youth his lovely consort led
 To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,

Just on that instant, from an inner house,
 Into the chamber popt a heedless MOUSE.
 Miss TABBY saw, and brooking no delay,
 Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling
 prey.

Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
 Reflect that all her mousing-days were o'er.
 The youth, astonish'd, felt a new despair;
 Ixion-like he grasp'd, and grasp'd but air:
 He saw his vows and prayers in vain bestow'd,
 And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

THE OYSTER.

TWO comrades, as grave authors say,
 (But in what chapter, page, or line,
 Ye critics, if ye please, define)
 Had found an OYSTER in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose,
 Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
 Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
 And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
 Each hero's obstinately stout,
 Green bags and parchments fly about,
 Pleadings are drawn, and counsel see'd.

The PARSON of the place, good man!
 Whose kind and charitable heart
 In human ills still bore a part,
 Thrice shook his head, and thus began:

Neighbours and friends, refer to me
 This doughty matter in dispute;
 I'll soon decide th' important suit,
 And finish all without a fee.

Give me the OYSTER then—'tis well—

He opens it, and at one sup

Gulps the contested trifle up,

And, smiling, gives to each a shell.

Henceforth let foolish discord cease,

Your OYSTER's good as e'er was eat;

I thank you for my dainty treat;

God bless you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of NORFOLK and of WALES,

From this learn common sense;

Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols

For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate,

That on your substance feed;

The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,

Would starve, if fools agreed.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
 Proficient in the toilet's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air.

Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd;
 But could she partial FORTUNE blame,
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same!

At length, from all her honours cast,
 Through various turns of life she past;
 Now glitter'd on a TAYLOR's arm;
 Now kept a BEGGAR's infant warm;
 Now, rang'd within a MISER's coat,
 Contributes to his yearly groat;
 Now, rais'd again from low reproach,
 She visits in the DOCTOR's coach;
 Here, there, by various fortune tost,
 At last in GRESHAM-HALL was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
 On ev'ry side, above, below,
 She now of this or that enquires,
 What least was understood admires.
 'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
 Her head's of virtuoso kind.

"And pray what's this, and this, dear sir?"

'A NEEDLE,' says th' interpreter.
 She knew the name. And thus the fool
 Address'd her as a TAYLOR's tool:

"A NEEDLE with that filthy stone,

"Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!

"You better might employ your parts,

"And aid the SEMSTRESS in her arts.

"But tell me how the friendship grew

"Between that paltry flint and you."

'Friend,' says the NEEDLE, 'cease to blame;

'I follow real worth and fame.

'Know'st thou the LOADSTONE's pow'r and art,

'That virtue virtues can impart?

'Of all his talents I partake,

'Who then can such a friend forsake?

'Tis I direct the PILOT's hand

'To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand:

'By me the distant world is known,

'And either INDIA is our own.

'Had I with milliners been bred,

'What had I been? the guide of thread;

'And drudg'd, as vulgar NEEDLES do,

'Of no more consequence than you.'

THE TWO SPRINGS.

TWO sister SPRINGS, from the same parent hill,
 Born on the same propitious day,
 Through the cleft rock distil:
 Adown the reverend mountain's side,
 Through groves of myrtle glide,
 Or through the violet beds obliquely stray.

The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
 From them receives her high renown,
 From them the curling vine
 Her clusters big with racy wine,
 To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
 And her vermilion blush the rose.
 The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
 To every thirsty root dispense
 Their kindly cooling influence,
 And paradise adorns the mountain's brow.
 But oh! the sad effect of pride!
 These happy twins at last divide.
 "Sister! (exclaims th' ambitious SPRING)
 "What profit do these labours bring?
 "Always to give, and never to enjoy,
 "A fruitless and a mean employ!
 "Stay here inglorious if you please,
 "And loiter out a life of indolence and ease:
 "Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
 "And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
 "While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
 "I deluge all the plain,
 "No dams shall stop my course,
 "And rocks oppose in vain.
 "See where my foaming billows flow,
 "Above the hills my waves aspire,
 "The shepherds and their flocks retire,
 "And tallest cedars as they pass in sign of homage
 "bow.
 "To me each tributary spring
 "Its supplemental stores shall bring;
 "With me the rivers shall unite,
 "The lakes beneath my banners fight,
 "Till the proud DANUBE and the RHINE
 "Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
 "Both gods and men shall dread my watery sway,
 "Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples
 "they."
 Away the haughty boaster flew,
 Scarce bade her sister STREAM a cool adieu;

Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
 Not gently murmuring as of old,
 But roughly dash against the shore,
 And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
 The careful FARMER with surprise,
 Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
 With busy looks the rustic band appear,
 To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the
 year.

All hands unite, with dams they bound
 The rash rebellious stream around;
 In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
 In vain she curls her feeble waves;
 Besieg'd at last on every side,
 Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd, }
 (Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)

A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
 The refuge of the croaking kind.
 Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
 Choke up the muddy pool below;
 The tyrant SUN on high
 Exacts his usual subsidy;

And the poor pittance that remains,
 Each gaping cranny drains.
 Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
 A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.
 Her sister SPRING, benevolent and kind,
 With joy sees all around her blest,
 The good she does, into her generous mind
 Returns again with interest.

The FARMER oft invokes her aid
 When SIRIUS nips the tender blade;
 Her streams a sure elixir bring,
 Gay plenty decks the field, and a perpetual spring.
 Where'er the GARDENER smooths her easy way,
 Her ductile streams obey.
 Courteous she visits every bed,
 NARCISSUS rears his drooping head, }
 By her diffusive bounty fed.

Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
 Sad HYACINTH forgets to mourn;
 Rich in the blessings she bestows,
 All nature smiles where'er she flows.
 Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
 See where the river gods appear.
 A nymph so eminently good,
 The joy of all the neighbourhood;
 They clasp her in their liquid arms,
 And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
 Like old ALPHEUS fond, their wanton streams they
 join'd,
 Like ARETHUSA she, as lovely and as kind.
 Now swell'd into a mighty flood,
 Her channel deep and wide,
 Still she persists in doing good,
 Her bounty flows with every tide.
 A thousand rivulets in her train
 With fertile waves enrich the plain:
 The scaly herd, a numerous throng,
 Beneath her silver billows glide along,
 Whose still increasing shoals supply
 The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
 Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
 Securely ply their oary feet,
 Upon her floating herbage gaze,
 And with their tuneful notes resound her praise.
 Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
 And fatten in each flowery mead:
 No beasts of prey appear
 The watchful shepherd to beguile,
 No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
 Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile;
 But DELIA and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen! }
 By mortals prying eyes unseen,
 Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders }
 green.
 Here merchants, careful of their store,
 By angry billows tost,

Anchor secure beneath her shore,
 And bless the friendly coast.
 Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
 Triumphant on her surface ride:
 The busy trader on her banks appears,
 An hundred different tongues she hears.
 At last, with wonder and surprise,
 She sees a stately city rise;
 With joy the happy flood admires
 The lofty domes, the pointed spires;
 The porticos, magnificently great,
 Where all the crowding nations meet;
 The bridges that adorn her brow,
 From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
 Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
 And in melodious murmurs flow.
 Now grown a port of high renown,
 The treasure of the world her own,
 Both INDIES, with their precious stores,
 Pay yearly tribute to her shores.
 Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled stream,
 Nor father THAMES himself of more esteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly understood)
 Is but a grant from heaven of doing good;
 Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
 And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;
 Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
 Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
 While gracious monarchs reâp the good they sow:
 Blessing, are bless'd; far spreads their just renown,
 Consenting nations their dominion own,
 And joyful happy crowds support their throne.
 In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
 Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
 Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE HUSBAND thus reprov'd his WIFE:
 " Who deals in slander, lives in strife:
 " Art thou the herald of disgrace,
 " Denouncing war to all thy race?
 " Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
 " Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
 " That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
 " Alarms our neighbours far and near.
 " Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
 " That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
 " Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
 " Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
 ' Heyday!' the flippant tongue replies,
 ' How solemn is the fool! how wise!
 ' Is NATURE's choicest gift debarr'd?
 ' Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
 ' Women, of late, are finely ridden,
 ' A PARROT's privilege forbidden!
 ' You praise his talk, his squalling song;
 ' But wives are always in the wrong.'
 Now reputations flew in pieces
 Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;
 She ran the PARROT's language o'er,
 Bawd, hussey, drunkard, slattern, whore;
 On all the sex she vents her fury;
 Tries and condemns without a jury.
 At once the torrent of her words
 Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
 All join their forces to confound her;
 Puss spits, the MONKEY chatters round her;
 The yelping CUR her heels assaults;
 The MAGPYE blabs out all her faults;
 POLL, in the uproar, from her cage,
 With this rebuke outscram'd her rage:—
 " A PARROT is for talking priz'd,
 " But prattling women are despis'd.
 " She who attacks another's honour,
 " Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.

" Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
 " That all your neighbours too have tongues :
 " One slander must ten thousand get ;
 " The world with int'rest pays the debt."

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,
 That beasts could talk, and birds could scold ;
 But now it seems the human race
 Alone engross the speaker's place.
 Yet lately, if report be true,
 (And much the tale relates to you)
 There met a SPARROW, ANT, and BEE,
 Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
 Who reads my page will doubtless grant,
 That PHE's the wise industrious ANT.
 And all with half an eye may see,
 That KITTY is the busy BEE.
 Here then are two—But where's the third ?
 Go search your school, you'll find the bird.
 Your school ! I ask your pardon, fair,
 I'm sure you'll find no SPARROW there.

Now to my tale.—One SUMMER's morn
 A BEE rang'd o'er the verdant lawn ;
 Studious to husband every hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs ;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home ;
 Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey to enrich her cells ;
 Or every tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
 Yet never robs the shining bloom,
 Or of its beauty or perfume.

Thus she discharg'd in every way,
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal ANT was near,
Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care:
A great economist was she,
Nor less industrious than the bee:
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends,
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence every day the ANT is found
With anxious step to tread the ground:
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active BEE with pleasure saw
The ANT fulfil her parent's law.
" Ah! sister-labourer," says she,
" How very fortunate are we!
" Who taught in infancy to know,
" The comforts which from labour flow,
" Are independent of the great,
" Nor know the wants of pride and state.
" Why is our food so very sweet?
" Because we earn before we eat.
" Why are our wants so very few?
" Because we nature's calls pursue.
" Whence our complacency of mind?
" Because we act our parts assign'd.
" Have we incessant tasks to do?
" Is not all nature busy too?
" Doth not the sun with constant pace
" Persist to run his annual race?
" Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
" Renew their courses every night?
" Doth not the ox obedient bow
" His patient neck, and draw the plough?
" Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
" Withhold his labour or his speed?

"If you all nature's system scan,

"The only idle thing is man."

A wanton SPARROW long'd to hear
This sage discourse, and strait drew near.

The bird was talkative and loud,

And very pert, and very proud;

As worthless and as vain a thing

Perhaps as ever wore a wing.

She found, as on a spray she sat,

The little friends were deep in chat;

That virtue was their favourite theme,

And toil and probity their scheme:

Such talk was hateful to her breast,

She thought them arrant prudes at best.

When to display her naughty mind,

Hunger with cruelty combin'd;

She view'd the ANT with savage eyes,

And hopt, and hopt, to snatch her prize.

The BEE, who watch'd her opening bill,

And guess'd her fell design to kill;

Ask'd her from what her anger rose,

And why she treated ANTS as foes?

The SPARROW her reply began,

And thus the conversation ran:

'Whene'er I am dispos'd to dine,

'I think the whole creation mine;

'That I'm a bird of high degree,

'And every insect made for me.

'Hence oft I search the EMMET brood,

'For EMMETS are delicious food;

'And oft in wantonness and play,

'I slay ten thousand in a day:

'For truth it is, without disguise,

'That I love mischief as my eyes.'

"Oh! fie," the honest BEE reply'd,

"I fear you make base man your guide;

"Of every creature sure the worst,

"Though in creation's scale the first!

" Ungrateful man ! 'tis strange he thrives,
 " Who burns the BEES to rob their hives !
 " I hate his vile administration,
 " And so do all the EMMET nation ;
 " What fatal foes to birds are men,
 " Quite from the EAGLE to the WREN !
 " Oh ! do not mens' example take,
 " Who mischief do for mischief's sake ;
 " But spare the ANT—her worth demands
 " Esteem and friendship at your hands ;
 " A mind with every virtue blest,
 " Must raise compassion in your breast."

' Virtue !' rejoin'd the sneering bird,
 ' Where did you learn that GOTHIC word ?
 ' Since I was hatch'd I never heard
 ' That virtue was at all rever'd ;
 ' But say it was the ancients' claim,
 ' Yet moderns disavow the name.
 ' Unless my dear you read romances,
 ' I cannot reconcile your fancies.
 ' Virtue in fairy-tales is seen
 ' To play the goddess or the queen ;
 ' But what's a queen without the pow'r,
 ' Or beauty, child, without a dow'r ?
 ' Yet this is all that virtue brags ;
 ' At best 'tis only worth in rags.
 ' Such whims my very heart derides,
 ' Indeed you make me burst my sides.
 ' Trust me, MISS BEE—to speak the truth,
 ' I've copied man from earliest youth ;
 ' The same our taste, the same our school,
 ' Passion and appetite our rule :
 ' And call me bird, or call me sinner,
 ' I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.'

A prowling CAT the miscreant spies,
 And wide expands her amber eyes.
 Near and more near GRIMALKIN draws,
 She wags her tail, protends her paws ;

Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton SPARROW dy'd.

MORAL.

The advantages of application and diligence in our earlier years, and the destructive consequences of pride and cruelty.

MOMUS.

TIS said that MOMUS was perpetually blaming and ridiculing whatever he saw. Even the works of the GODS themselves could not escape his universal censure. The eyes of the BULL, he said, were so placed by JUPITER, that they could not direct his horns in pushing at his enemies. The houses which MINERVA had instructed men to build, were contrived so very injudiciously, that they could not be removed from a bad neighbourhood, nor from any other inconvenience. In short, the frame of MAN himself was in his opinion extremely defective; having no window in his bosom that might demonstrate his sincerity, or betray his wicked purposes, and prevent their execution. These, and many other faults, were found in the productions of NATURE: but when he surveyed the works of ART, there was no end of his altercations. JUPITER, being resolved to try how far his malice would proceed, sent his daughter VENUS to desire that he would give his opinion of her beauty. She appeared accordingly before the churlish god, trembling at the apprehension of his known severity. He examined her proportions with all the rigour of an envious critic. But her shape and complexion were so striking, and he

smiles and graces so very engaging, that he found it impossible to give the least colour to any objection he could make. Yet to shew how hard malevolence will struggle for a cavil, as she was retiring from his presence, he begged she would acquaint her father, that whatever grace might be in her motion, yet—*her slippers were too noisy.*

MORAL.

It is hardly possible to deprive malevolence of every occasion for a cavil.

 THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
 He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
 Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
 For how precarious is the blessing!
 A wife he takes: and now for heirs
 Again he worries HEAVEN with prayers.
 Jove nods assent; two hopeful boys
 And a fine girl reward his joys.
 Now more solicitous he grew,
 And set their future lives in view;
 He saw that all respect and duty
 Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
 "Once more," he cries, "accept my prayer;
 "Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
 "Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
 "All FORTUNE's richest gifts enjoy.
 "My next with strong ambition fire;
 "May favour teach him to aspire,
 "Till he the step of power ascend,
 "And courtiers to their idol bend!
 "With every grace, with every charm,
 "My daughter's perfect features arm.
 "If HEAVEN approve, a FATHER's bless'd."
 Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
 Studious of every griping art,
 Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
 And all his life devotes to gain;
 He feels no joy, his cares increase,
 He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
 In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
 He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
 The next to sudden honours grew;
 The thriving art of courts he knew,
 He reach'd the height of power and place,
 Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
 His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
 The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lover's pains.
 With age she fades; each lover flies;
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines, and dies.

When JOVE the FATHER's grief survey'd,
 And heard him HEAVEN and FATE upbraid,
 Thus spoke the GOD: 'By outward show
 'Men judge of happiness and woe.
 'Shall ignorance of good and ill
 'Dare to direct th' eternal will?
 'Seek VIRTUE; and, of that possest,
 'To PROVIDENCE resign the rest.'

LOVE AND FOLLY.

IN the most early state of things, and among the eldest of beings, existed that god, as the poets entitle him, or rather that dæmon, as PLATO calls him, whose name is LOVE. He was assisting to the father of the gods, in reducing chaos into order, in establishing the harmony of the universe, and in regulating and putting in execution the laws by which the operations of nature are performed, and the frame of the world subsists. Universal good seemed to be his only study, and he was the supreme

delight both of gods and men. But in process of time, among other disorders that arose in the universe, it appeared that LOVE began to deviate very often from what had seemed till now to be his chief pursuit: he would raise frequent disturbances and confusion in the course of nature; though it was always under the pretence of maintaining order and agreement. It seems he had entered into a very intimate acquaintance with a person who had but lately made her appearance in the world. This person was FOLLY, the daughter of PRIDE and IGNORANCE. They were often together, and as often as they were, some mischief was sure to be the consequence. By degrees he introduced her into the heavens; where it was their great joy, by various artifices, to lead the gods into such measures as involved them in many inconveniences, and exposed them to much ridicule. They deluded them all in their turns, except MINERVA, the only divinity that escaped their wiles. Even JUPITER himself was induced by them to take some steps not at all suitable to the dignity of his character. FOLLY had gotten the entire ascendant over her companion; however, she was resolved to make still more sure of him, and engross him wholly to herself: with this design she infused a certain intoxicating juice into his nectar, the effects of which were so powerful, that in the end it utterly deprived him of his sight. LOVE was too much prejudiced in her favour to apprehend her to be the cause of his misfortune; nor indeed did he seem to be in the least sensible of his condition. But his mother VENUS soon found it out; and in the excess of her grief and rage carried her complaint to JUPITER, conjuring him to punish the sorceress who had blinded her son. JUPITER, willing to clear the heavens of such troublesome company, called both parties before him, and enquired into their conduct.—After a full hearing, he determined, that FOLLY

should make some sort of reparation for the injury done to LOVE: and being resolved to punish both for the many irregularities which they had lately introduced, he condemned LOVE to wander about the earth, and ordered FOLLY to be his guide.

MORAL.

Folly has often too great an influence in the direction of our amours.

 THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown,
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The DEVIL at his fingers ends.

VICE heard his fame, she read his bill;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
 She sought his booth, and from the crowd
 Defy'd the man of art aloud:

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?"

"Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?"

"Dares he with me dispute the prize?"

"I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the JUGGLER cry'd, "'Tis done;

'In science I submit to none.'

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;

By turns this here, that there, convey'd.

The cards, obedient to his words,

Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain:

Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;

His fingers spread, and nothing there,

Then bids it rain with showers of gold,

And now his ivory eggs are told:

But, when from thence the HEN he draws,

Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

VICE now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

"This magic looking-glass," she cries,
(There, hand it round,) "will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
"Breathe on the bill. Hey, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd,
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids AMBITION hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address:
"This picture see, her shape, her breast!
"What youth, and what inviting eyes!
"Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but charity;

And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The JUGGLER now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art :

' Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
' How practice hath improv'd your hand!
' But now and then I cheat the throng;
' You every day, and all day long.'

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CAT.

LABOUR entitles man to eat,
The idle have no claim to meat.
This rule must every station fit,
Because 'tis drawn from sacred writ;
And yet to feed on such condition,
Almost amounts to prohibition.
Rome's priesthood would be doom'd, I fear,
To eat soup maigre all the year;
And would not OXFORD's cloister'd son
By this hard statute be undone?
In truth, your poet, were he fed
No oft'ner than he earns his bread,
The vengeance of this law would feel,
And often go without a meal.

It seem'd a SCHOLAR and his CAT
Together join'd in social chat:
When thus the letter'd sage began—
" Of what vast consequence is man!
" Lords of this nether globe we shine,
" Our tenure's held by right divine.
" Here independence waves its plea,
" All creatures bow the vassal knee.
" Nor earth alone can bound our reign,
" Ours is the empire of the main.
" True—man's a sov'reign prince—but say,
" What art sustains the monarch's sway?
" Say from what source we fetch supplies?
" 'Tis here the grand inquiry lies.

“ Strength is not man’s—for strength must suit
“ Best with the structure of a brute.
“ Nor craft nor cunning can suffice,
“ A FOX might then dispute the prize.
“ To godlike reason ’tis we owe
“ Our ball and sceptre here below.
“ Now your associate next explains
“ To whom precedence appertains;
“ And sure ’tis easy to divine
“ The leaders of this royal line.
“ Note, that all tradesmen I attest
“ But petty princes at the best;
“ Superior excellence you’ll find
“ In those who cultivate the mind.
“ Hence heads of colleges, you’ll own,
“ Transcends th’ assessors of a throne.
“ Say, EVANS, have you any doubt?
“ You can’t offend by speaking out.”
With visage placid and sedate,
PUSS thus address’d her learned mate:
“ We’re told that none in nature’s plan
“ Disputes pre-eminence with man;
“ But this is still a dubious case
“ To me, and all our purring race.
“ We grant indeed to partial eyes
“ Men may appear supremely wise;
“ But our sagacious rabbies hold,
“ That all which glitters is not gold.
“ Pray if your haughty claims be true,
“ Why are our manners ap’d by you?
“ Whene’er you think, all CATS agree,
“ You shut your optics just as we.
“ Pray, why like CATS so rapt in thought,
“ If you by CATS were never taught?
“ But know, our tabby schools maintain
“ Worth is not center’d in the brain.
“ Nor that our sages thought despise—
“ No—but in action virtue lies.
“ We find it by experience fact,
“ That thought must ripen into act;

suit

'Or CAT no real fame acquires,
 'But virtue in the bud expires.
 'This point your orchard can decide—
 'Observe its gay autumnal pride;
 'For trees are held in high repute,
 'Not for their blossoms, but their fruit.
 'If so, then MILLAR's page decrees
 'Mere scholars to be barren trees;
 'But if these various reasons fail,
 'Let my example once prevail.
 'When to your chamber you repair,
 'Your property employs my care;
 'And while you sink in sweet repose,
 'My faithful eye-lids never close.
 'When hunger prompts the MOUSE to steal,
 'Then I display my honest zeal;
 'True to my charge, these talons seize
 'The wretch, who dares purloin your cheese;
 'Or should the thief assault your bread,
 'I strike the audacious felon dead.
 'Nor say I spring at smaller game—
 'My prowess slaughter'd RATS proclaim.
 'I'm told your generals often fly
 'When danger, and when death is nigh;
 'Nay, when nor death nor danger's near,
 'As your court-martials make appear.
 'When in your service we engage,
 'We brave the pilfering villain's rage;
 'Ne'er take advantage of the night
 'To meditate inglorious flight;
 'But stand resolv'd, when foes defy,
 'To conquer, or to bravely die.
 'Hence, BOOKWORM, learn our duty here
 'Is active life in every sphere.
 'Know too, there's scarce a brute but can
 'Instruct vain supercilious man.'

MORAL.

That true virtue consists in action, and not in speculation.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd,
 Disease his tainted blood assails;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
 A ghastly PHANTOM, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began:—

“ My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear:
 “ Attend, and be advis'd by CARE.
 “ Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
 “ Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
 “ When health is lost. Be timely wise:
 “ With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

Thus said, the PHANTOM disappears,
 The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
 He now from all excess abstains,
 With physic purifies his veins;
 And, to procure a sober life,
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the SPRITE ascends;
 Where'er he walks his ear attends;
 Insinuates that beauty's frail;
 That perseverance must prevail;
 With jealousies his brain inflames,
 And whispers all her lovers names.
 In other hours she represents
 His houshold charge, his annual rents,
 Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
 And nothing for his younger sons.

Strait all his thoughts to gain he turns,
 And with the thirst of lucre burns.
 But when possess'd of FORTUNE's store,
 The SPECTRE haunts him more and more;

Sets WANT and MISERY in view,
 Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew,
 Alarms him with eternal frights,
 Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
 How shall he chase this hideous guest?
 Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
 To pow'r he rose. Again the SPRITE
 Besets him morning, noon, and night;
 Talks of AMBITION's tott'ring seat,
 How envy persecutes the great;
 Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
 And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from CARE,
 And seeks the peace of rural air:
 His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
 He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers;
 But CARE again his steps pursues;
 Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
 Of plund'ring insects, snails and rains,
 And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains,
 Abroad, at home, the SPECTRE's there:
 In vain he seeks to fly from CARE.
 At length he thus the GHOST address'd—
 ' Since thou must be my constant guest,
 ' Be kind, and follow me no more;
 ' For CARE, by right, should go *before*.'

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
 Philosopher and atheist grown,
 Benighted once upon the road,
 Found out a HERMIT's lone abode,
 Whose hospitality in need
 Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed;
 For both sufficiently were tir'd,
 Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.

Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames,
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ler, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat:—

“ 'Tis odd,” quoth he, “ to think what strains
“ Of folly govern some folk’s brains !
“ What makes you choose this wild abode ?
“ You’ll say, ’tis to converse with GOD :
“ Alas, I fear, ’tis all a whim :
“ You never saw or spoke with him.
“ They talk of PROVIDENCE’S pow’r,
“ And say it rules us every hour ;
“ To me all nature seems confusion,
“ And such weak fancies mere delusion.
“ Say, if it rul’d and govern’d right,
“ Could there be such a thing as night ;
“ Which, when the sun has left the skies,
“ Puts all things in a deep disguise ?
“ If then a trav’ler chance to stray
“ The least step from the public way,
“ He’s soon in endless mazes lost,
“ As I have found it to my cost.
“ Besides, the gloom which nature wears
“ Assists imaginary fears
“ Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
“ Of sulph’rous lakes, and yawning graves ;
“ All sprung from superstitious seed,
“ Like other maxims of the creed.
“ For my part, I reject the tales
“ Which faith suggests when reason fails :
“ And reason nothing understands,
“ Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
“ These subtle essences, like wind,
“ Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
“ It ne’er admits; nor joins the lie
“ Which says men rot, but never die.

" It holds all future things in doubt,
 " And therefore wisely leaves them out :
 " Suggesting what is worth our care,
 " To take things present as they are,
 " Our wisest course : the rest is folly,
 " The fruit of spleen and melancholy." —

' Sir,' quoth the HERMIT, ' I agree
 ' That reason still our guide should be :
 ' And will admit her as the test,
 ' Of what is true, and what is best :
 ' But reason sure would blush for shame
 ' At what you mention in her name ;
 ' Her dictates are sublime and holy ;
 ' Impiety's the child of folly :
 ' Reason, with measur'd steps and slow,
 ' To things above from things below
 ' Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
 ' With caution, vigilance, and care.
 ' Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
 ' And reason puts her in her hands ;
 ' But not till her commission giv'n
 ' Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
 ' 'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
 ' Should miss a GOD in viewing nature :
 ' Whose high perfections are display'd
 ' In ev'ry thing his hands have made :
 ' Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
 ' When found again, we see them most ;
 ' The night itself which you would blame
 ' As something wrong in nature's frame,
 ' Is but a curtain to invest
 ' Her weary children, when at rest :
 ' Like that which mothers draw to keep
 ' The light off from a child asleep.
 ' Beside, the fears which darkness breeds
 ' At least augments in vulgar heads,
 ' Are far from useless, when the mind
 ' Is narrow, and to earth confin'd ;

‘ They make the worldling think with pain
‘ On frauds and oaths, and ill-got gain;
‘ Force from the ruffian’s hand the knife
‘ Just rais’d against his neighbour’s life;
‘ And in defence of virtue’s cause
‘ Assist each sanction of the laws.
‘ But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
‘ And superstitious dread expels,
‘ The silent majesty of night
‘ Excites to take a nobler flight:
‘ With saints and angels to explore
‘ The wonders of creating pow’r;
‘ And lifts on contemplation’s wings
‘ Above the sphere of mortal things:
‘ Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
‘ Where night in awful silence reigns;
‘ The sky’s serene, the air is still,
‘ The woods stand list’ning on each hill,
‘ To catch the sounds that sink and swell
‘ Wide-floating from the ev’ning bell,
‘ While foxes howl and beetles hum,
‘ Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
‘ And try if folly rash and rude
‘ Dares on the sacred hour intrude.
‘ Then turn your eyes to HEAV’N’s broad frame,
‘ Attempt to quote those lights by name,
‘ Which shine so thick and spread so far;
‘ Conceive a sun in every star,
‘ Round which unnumber’d planets roll,
‘ While comets shoot athwart the whole.
‘ From system still to system ranging,
‘ Their various benefits exchanging,
‘ And shaking from their flaming air
‘ The things most needed everywhere.
‘ Explore this glorious scene, and say
‘ That night discovers less than day;
‘ That ’tis quite useless, and a sign
‘ That chance disposes, not design;

'Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 'Him either mad or else a dunce;
 'For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
 'Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 'From signs and evidences clear,
 'Of wise contrivance everywhere.'

The HERMIT ended; and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confest
 That all was order'd for the best.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
 By soaring meditation drawn,
 To breathe the fragrance of the day,
 Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
 In musing contemplation warm,
 His steps misled him to a farm,
 Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
 A PEASANT stood; the hammer's sound
 Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
 "Calls for thy honest labour there?"

The CLOWN, with surly voice replies,
 'Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
 'This KITE, by daily rapine fed,
 'My hens annoy, my turkies dread,
 'At length his forfeit life hath paid;
 'See on the wall his wings display'd,
 'Here nail'd a terror to his kind,
 'My fowls shall future safety find;
 'My yard the thriving poultry feed,
 'And my barn's refuse fat the breed.'
 "Friend," says the SAGE, "the doom is wise;
 "For public good the murd'rer dies.
 "But if these tyrants of the air
 "Demand a sentence so severe,
 "Think how the glutton man devours;
 "What bloody feasts regale his hours!

" O impudence of power and might,
 " Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
 " When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
 " Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner !"
 ' Hold,' cry'd the CLOWN, ' with passion heated,
 ' Shall kites and men alike be treated ?
 ' When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
 ' Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.'
 " Thus tyrants boast," the SAGE reply'd,
 " Whose murders spring from power and pride,
 " Own then this manlike KITE is slain
 " Thy greater lux'ry to sustain ;"
 " For petty rogues submit to fate,
 " That great ones may enjoy their state."

THE FLY IN ST. PAUL'S CUPOLA.

AS a FLY was crawling leisurely up one of the columns of ST. PAUL'S CUPOLA, she often stopped, surveyed, examined, and at last broke forth into the following exclamation: " Strange! " that any one who pretended to be an artist, " should ever leave so superb a structure with so " many roughnesses unpolished!" ' Ah, my ' friend,' said a very LEARNED ARCHITECT, who hung in his *web* under one of the capitals, ' you ' should never decide of things beyond the extent ' of your capacity. This lofty building was not ' erected for such diminutive animals as you or I; ' but for a certain sort of creatures, who are at ' least ten thousand times as large: to their eyes, ' it is very possible, these columns may seem as ' smooth, as to you appear the wings of your ' favourite mistress.'

MORAL.

We should never estimate things beyond our reach, by the narrow standard of our own capacities.

THE

BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

HOW many saucy airs we meet
 From TEMPLE-BAR to ALDGATE-STREET?
 Proud rogues, who shar'd the SOUTH-SEA prey,
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
 They think it mean to condescend
 To know a brother or a friend;
 They blush to hear their mother's name,
 And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard at early day,
 A careful FARMER took his way,
 He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
 Observ'd the flail's incessant work;
 In thought he measur'd all his store,
 His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
 In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
 And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A BARLEY-MOW, which stood beside,
 Thus to its musing master cry'd:

" Say, good sir, is it fit or right
 " To treat me with neglect and slight?
 " Me, who contribute to your cheer,
 " And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
 " Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
 " And that vile DUNGHILL near me plac'd?
 " Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
 " That filthy sight! that nauseous fume!
 " Meet objects here? Command it hence:
 " A thing so mean must give offence."

The humble DUNGHILL thus reply'd:-
 ' Thy master hears and mocks thy pride:
 ' Insult not thus the meek and low;
 ' In me thy benefactor know;
 ' My warm assistance gave thee birth,
 ' Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
 ' But upstarts, to support their station,
 ' Cancel at once all obligation.'

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

I LOVE my friend—but love my ease,
 And claim a right myself to please;
 To company however prone,
 At times all men would be alone.
 Free from each interruption rude,
 Or what is meant by solitude?
 My villa lies within the bills,
 So—like a theatre it fills:
 To me my kind acquaintance stray,
 And **SUNDAY** proves no **SABBATH-DAY**;
 Yet many a friend and near relation,
 Make up a glorious congregation;
 They crowd by dozens and by dozens,
 And bring me all their country cousins,
 Though cringing landlords on the road,
 Who find for man and horse abode;
 Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
 Invite them to be entertain'd,
 And straddling cross his kilderkin,
 Though jolly **BACCHUS** calls them in;
 Nay—though my landlady would trust 'em,
PILGARLICK's sure of all the custom;
 And his whole house is like a fair,
 Unless he only treats with air.
 What! shall each pert half-witted wit,
 That calls me **JACK**, or calls me **KIT**,
 Prey on my time, or on my table?
 No—but let's hasten to the fable.

The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,
BALL to the booby-hutch was join'd,
 A wealthy cockney drove away,
 To celebrate **SAINT SATURDAY**;
 Wife, daughter, pug, all crowded in,
 To meet at country house their kin.
 Thro' **BRENTFORD**, to fair **TWICKENHAM**'s bow'rs,
 The ungreas'd grumbling axle scow'rs,

OF

To pass in rural sweets a day,
 But there's a LION in the way:
 The LION, a most furious elf,
 Hung up to represent himself,
 Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,
 And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again.
 Wond'rous, though painted on a board,
 He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
 "Fool!" says the majesty of beasts,
 "At whose expence a legion feasts,
 "Foe to yourself, you those pursue
 "Who're eating up your cakes and you;
 "Walk in, walk in, so prudence votes,
 "And give poor BALL a feed of oats;
 "Look to yourself, and as for MA'AM,
 "Coax her to take a little dram;
 "Let MISS and PUG with cakes be fed,
 "Then, honest man, go back to bed;
 "You're better, and you're cheaper there,
 "Where are no hangers-on to fear.
 "Go buy friend NEWBERRY's new PANTHEON,
 "And con the tale of poor ACTEON,
 "Horn'd by DIANA, and o'erpower'd,
 "And by the dogs he fed devour'd.
 "What he receiv'd from charity,
 "Lewdness perhaps may give to thee;
 "And though your spouse my lecture scorns,
 "Beware his fate, beware his horns."
 'Sir,' says the cit, (who made a stand,
 And strok'd his forehead with his hand)
 'By your grim gravity and grace,
 'You greatly would become the mace.
 'This kind advice I gladly take,—
 'DRAW'R, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
 'With good brown beer that's brisk and humming:
 A coming, sir! a coming, coming!
 The cit then took a hearty draught,
 And shook his jolly sides and laugh'd.
 Then to the king of beasts he bow'd,
 And thus his gratitude avow'd—

' Sir, for your sapient oration,
 ' I owe the greatest obligation;
 ' You stand expos'd to sun and show'r,
 ' I know JACK ELLIS of the tow'r;
 ' By him you soon may gain renown,
 ' He'll show your highness to the town;
 ' Or, if you choose your station here,
 ' To call forth BRITONS to their beer,
 ' As painter of distinguish'd note,
 ' He'll send his man to clean your coat.'
 The LION thank'd him for his proffer,
 And if a vacancy should offer,
 Declar'd he had too just a notion
 To be averse to such promotion.
 The citizen drove off with joy,
 " For LONDON—BALL—for LONDON—ho!"
 Content to bed he went his way,
 And is no bankrupt to this day.

JUPITER's LOTTERY.

JUPITER, in order to please mankind, directed
MERCURY to give notice that he had established
 a **LOTTERY**, in which there were no blanks; and
 that, amongst a variety of other valuable chances,
WISDOM was the highest prize. It was **JUPITER**'s
 command, that in this **LOTTERY** some of the gods
 should also become adventurers. The tickets
 being disposed of, and the wheels placed, **MERCURY**
 was employed to preside at the drawing. It
 happened that the best prize fell to **MINERVA**:
 upon which a general murmur ran through the
 assembly, and hints were thrown out that **JUPITER**
 had used some unfair practices, to secure this
 desirable lot to his daughter. **JUPITER**, that he
 might at once both punish and silence these im-
 pious clamours of the human race, presented them
 with **FOLLY** in the place of **WISDOM**: with which

they went away perfectly well contented. And from that time the greatest fools have always looked upon themselves as the wisest men.

MORAL.

Folly, passing with men for wisdom, makes each contented with his own share of understanding.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND
THE FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The MOTHER rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the NURSE, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

"Sure some disaster has befall:

"Speak, NURSE; I hope the BOY is well."

'Dear madam, think not me to blame;

'Invisible the FAIRY came:

'Your precious babe is hence convey'd,

'And in the place a changling laid.

'Where are the father's mouth and nose,

'The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?

'See here a shocking awkward creature,

'That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.'

"The woman's blind," the MOTHER cries;

"I see wit sparkle in his eyes."

'Lord! madam, what a squinting leer!

'No doubt the FAIRY hath been here.'

Just as she spoke, a PIGMY SPRITE
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top she stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:

"Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,

"That we the world with fools supply?"

" What ! give our sprightly race away,
 " For the dull helpless sons of clay !
 " Besides, by partial fondness shown,
 " Like you we doat upon our own.
 " Where yet was ever found a mother,
 " Who'd give her booby for another ?
 " And should we change with human breed,
 " Well might we pass for fools indeed."

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

WHEN sore calamities we feel,
 And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel,
 Our courage and our strength, we say,
 Are insufficient for the day.
 Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
 Who fain would run away from self.
 Yet turn to GERMANY, you'll find
 An ATLAS of a human mind !
 But here I deviate from my plan,
 For PRUSSIA's king is more than man,
 Inferior beings suit my rhyme,
 My scheme, my genius, and my time ;
 Men, birds, and beasts, with now and then
 A pagan god to grace my pen.

A vessel bound for INDIA's coast,
 The merchant's confidence and boast,
 Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
 Bespeaks its boist'rous god asleep.
 Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
 And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
 A halcyon sky prevails awhile,
 The TRITONS and the NEREIDS smile.
 These omens fairest hopes impress,
 And half insure the GEORGE success.

What casual ills these hopes destroy !
 To change how subject every joy !
 When dangers most remote appear,
 Experience proves those dangers near.

Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next-neighbour to disease.

'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.

For lo! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable legions spread the skies;
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The SAILORS play their various parts;
They ply the pumps, they furl the sails,
Yet nought their diligence avails,
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.

The SAILORS now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to ev'ry fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair;
All future efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign;
And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.

Straight enter'd with majestic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—

“How dare you deem your labours vain?
“Shall man exert himself the less,
“Because superior dangers press!
“How can I think your hearts sincere,
“Unless you bravely persevere?
“Know, mortals, that when perils rise,
“Perils enhance the glorious prize;
“But, who deserts himself, shall be
“Deserted by the gods and me.

"Hence to your charge, and do your best,
 "My trident shall do all the rest."

The MARINERS their task renew,
 All to their destin'd province flew;
 The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
 The gallant GEORGE in safety rides.

MORAL.

That our fortitude and perseverance should be proportionate to the degree and duration of our sufferings.

THE OAK AND THE SYCAMORE.

A SYCAMORE grew beside an OAK; and being not a little elevated by the first warm days in spring, began to shoot forth his leaves apace, and to despise the naked OAK for *insensibility* and *want of spirit*. The OAK, conscious of his superior nature, made this philosophical reply:
 "Be not, my friend, so much delighted with the
 "first precarious address of every fickle zephyr:
 "consider, the frosts may yet return; and if thou
 "covetest an equal share with me in all the glories
 "of the rising year, do not afford them an opportunity to nip thy beauties in their bud. As for
 "myself, I only wait to see this genial warmth a little confirmed: and, whenever that is the case,
 "I shall perhaps display a majesty that will not
 "easily be shaken. But the tree which appears
 "too forward to exult in the first favourable
 "glance of spring, will ever be the readiest to
 "droop beneath the frowns of winter."

MORAL.

He who is puffed up with the least gale of prosperity, will as suddenly sink beneath the blasts of misfortune.

THE MASTIFFS.

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A MASTIFF, of true ENGLISH blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.

When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found, when two contend,

To interpose obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;

The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,

And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time, he heard from far

Two DOGS engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours and lays about him,

Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a TANNER flies,

And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel shall correct your manners,

"Whence sprung this cursed hate to TANNERS?
"While on my dog you vent your spite,

"Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To see the battle thus perplex'd,

With equal rage a BUTCHER vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,

To the curs'd MASTIFF cries aloud:
'Both HOCKLEY-HOLE and MARY-BONE

'The combats of my DOG have known;
'He ne'er like bullies coward-hearted,

'Attacks in public, to be parted;
'Think not, rash fool, to share his fame:

'Be his the honour or the shame.'
Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;

Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side

Rebounded from the MASTIFF's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
 Awhile the parted warriors stood.
 Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
 Who, worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below,
 He rose; and limping from the fray,
 By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

CUPID AND THE SHEPHERD.

WHO sets his heart on things below
 But little happiness shall know;
 For every object he pursues
 Will vex, deceive him, and abuse:
 While he on hopes and wishes rise
 To endless bliss above the skies,
 A true felicity shall gain,
 With freedom from both care and pain.
 He seeks what yields him peace and rest,
 Both when in prospect and possess.

A SWAIN whose flock had gone astray,
 Was wand'ring far out of his way
 Through deserts wild, and chanc'd to see
 A stripling leaning on a tree,
 In all things like the human kind,
 But that upon his back behind
 Two wings were from his shoulders spread
 Of gold and azure, ting'd with red;
 Their colour like the ev'ning sky:
 A golden quiver grac'd his thigh:
 His bow unbended in his hand
 He held, and wrote with on the sand;
 As one whom anxious cares pursue,
 In musing oft is wont to do.
 He started still with sudden fear,
 As if some danger had been near;
 And turn'd on every side to view
 A flight of birds that round him flew,
 Whose presence seem'd to make him sad,
 For all were ominous and bad;

The **HAWK** was there, the type of spite,
The jealous **OWL** that shuns the light,
The **RAVEN**, whose prophetic bill
Denounces woe and mischief still;
The **VULTURE** hungry to devour,
Though gorg'd and glutted ev'ry hour;
With these confus'd, an ugly crew
Of **HARPIES**, **BATS**, and **DRAGONS** flew,
With talons arm'd, and teeth, and stings,
The air was darken'd with their wings.
The **SWAIN**, though frighten'd, yet drew near,
Compassion rose in place of fear;
He, to the winged youth began,
" Say, are you mortal and of man,
" Or something of celestial birth,
" From heaven descended to the earth?"
' I am not of terrestrial kind,'
Quoth **CUPID**, ' nor to **EARTH** confin'd:
' **HEAV'N** is my true and proper sphere,
' My rest and happiness are there:
' Through all the boundless realms of light
' The **PHŒNIX** waits upon my flight,
' With other birds whose names are known
' In that delightful place alone.
' But when to **EARTH** my course I bend,
' At once they leave me and ascend;
' And for companions in their stead,
' Those winged monsters there succeed,
' Who hov'ring round me night and day,
' Expect and claim me as their prey.'
" Sir," quoth the **SHEPHERD**, " if you'll try,
" Your arrows soon will make them fly;
" Or if they brave them and resist,
" My sling is ready to assist."
' Incapable of wounds and pain,
' Reply'd the winged youth again,
' These foes our weapons will defy;
' Immortal made, they never die,
' But live to haunt me everywhere,
' While I remain within their sphere.'

“ Sir,” quoth the SWAIN, “ might I advise,
 “ You straight should get above the skies:
 “ It seems indeed your only way,
 “ For nothing here is worth your stay;
 “ Beside, when foes like these molest,
 “ You’ll find but little peace or rest.”

THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A LEAN half-starved WOLF inadvertently strolled in the way of a strong well-fed MASTIFF. The WOLF being much too weak to act upon the offensive, thought it most prudent to accost honest TOWSER in a friendly manner; and among other civilities, very complaisantly congratulated him on his goodly appearance. Why, yes, returned the MASTIFF, I am indeed in tolerable case; and if you will follow me, you may soon be altogether in as good a plight. The WOLF pricked up his ears at the proposal, and requested to be informed what he must do to earn such plentiful meals. Very little, replied the MASTIFF; only drive away beggars, caress my master, and be civil to his family. To these conditions the hungry WOLF had no objection, and very readily consented to follow his new acquaintance wherever he would conduct him. As they were trotting along, the WOLF observed that the hair was worn in a circle round his friend’s neck; which raised his curiosity to enquire what was the occasion of it. Nothing, answered the MASTIFF, or a mere trifle; perhaps the collar to which my chain is sometimes fastened. Chain! replied the WOLF, with much surprise; it should seem then that you are not permitted to rove about where and when you please. Not always, returned TOWSER, hanging down his head; but what does that signify? It signifies so much, rejoined the WOLF, that I am resolv’d to have no

share in your dinners; *half* a meal with liberty, is, in my estimation, preferable to a *full* one without it.

MORAL.

A mere competence with liberty, is preferable to servitude amid the greatest affluence.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

TIS certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.

Excuse me then; if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkies, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud. What then?
I never said they equal men.

A GOAT (as vain as GOAT can be)

Affected singularity;
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.
I hate my frowzy beard he cries;
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place;
A flippant MONKEY, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art,
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The GOAT he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides:
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, sir," says PUG,
"Sure never face was half so smug!"

The GOAT, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

'Hey-day! what's here! without a beard!
'Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
'What envious hand hath robb'd your face?'
When thus the fop with smiles of scorn:

"Are beards by civil nations worn?

"Ev'n MUSCOVITES have mow'd their chins.

"Shall we, like formal CAPUCHINS,

"Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,

"And bear about the hairy load?

"Whene'er we through the village stray,

"Are we not mock'd along the way;

"Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,

"By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"

'Were you no more with GOATS to dwell,

'Brother, I grant you reason well,'

Replies a bearded chief; 'beside,

'If boys can mortify thy pride,

'How wilt thou stand the ridicule

'Of our whole flock? affected fool!

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,

To all but coxcombs are a jest.

THE FISHERMEN.

BY all the sages 'tis confest,
That hope when mod'rate is best:
But when indulg'd beyond due measure,
It yields a vain deceitful pleasure,
Which cheats the simple, and betrays
To mischief in a thousand ways;

Just hope assists in all our toils,
The wheels of industry it oils;
In great attempts the bosom fires,
And zeal and constancy inspires.
False hope, like a deceitful dream,
Rests on some visionary scheme,
And keeps us idle to our loss,
Enchanted with our hands across.

A tale an ancient bard has told
Of two poor FISHERMEN of old,
Their names were (lest I should forget,
And put the reader in a pet,
Lest critics too should make a pother)
The one ASPHELIO, GRIPUS t'other.
The men were very poor, their trade
Could scarce afford them daily bread:
Though ply'd with industry and care
Through the whole season, foul and fair.
Upon a rock their cottage stood,
On all sides bounded by the flood:
It was a miserable seat,
Like cold and hunger's worst retreat:
And yet it serv'd them both for life,
As neither could maintain a wife,
Two walls were rock, and two were sand,
Ramm'd up with stakes and made to stand.
A roof hung threat'ning o'er their heads
Of boards half-rotten, thatch'd with reeds.
And as no thief e'er touch'd their store,
A hurdle serv'd them for a door.
Their beds were leaves; against the wall
A sail hung drying, yard and all.
On one side lay an old patch'd wherry,
Like CHARON's on the STYGIAN ferry:
On t'other, baskets and a net,
With sea-weed foul and always wet.
These sorry instruments of trade
Were all the furniture they had:
For they had neither spit nor pot,
Unless my author has forgot.

Once, some few hours ere break of day,
 As in their hut our fishers lay,
 The one awak'd, and wak'd his neighbour,
 That both might ply their daily labour;
 For cold and hunger are confest
 No friends to indolence or rest :

" Friend," quoth the drowsy swain, and swore,
 " What you have done has hurt me more
 " Than all your service can repay
 " For years to come by night and day ;
 " You've broke, the thought on't makes me mad—
 " The finest dream that e'er I had."

Quoth GRIPUS : ' friend your speech would prove
 ' You mad indeed, or else in love ;
 ' For dreams should weigh but light with those
 ' Who feel the want of food and clothes :
 ' I guess, though simple and untaught,
 ' You dream'd about a lucky draught,
 ' Or money found by chance : they say
 ' That—hungry foxes dream of prey.'

" You're wond'rous shrewd, upon my troth,"
 ASPHELIO cry'd, " and right in both :
 " My dream had gold in't, as you said,
 " And fishing too, our constant trade ;
 " And since your guess has hit so near,
 " In short, the whole on't you shall hear :
 " Upon the shore I seem'd to stand,
 " My rod and tackle in my hand ;
 " The baited hook full oft I threw,
 " But still in vain, I nothing drew :
 " A fish at last appear'd to bite,
 " The cork div'd quickly out of sight,
 " And soon the dipping rod I found
 " With something weighty bent half round :
 " Quoth I, good luck has come at last,
 " I've surely made a happy cast :
 " This fish, when in the market sold,
 " In place of brass will sell for gold :
 " To bring it safe within my reach,
 " I drew it softly to the beach :

“ But long ere it had come so near
“ The water gleam’d with something clear ;
“ Each passing billow caught the blaze,
“ And glitt’ring, shone with golden rays.
“ Of hope and expectation full,
“ Impatient, yet afraid to pull,
“ To shore I slowly brought my prize,
“ A golden fish of largest size :
“ ’Twas metal all from head to tail,
“ Quite stiff and glitt’ring ev’ry scale.
“ Thought I, my fortune now is made ;
“ ’Tis time to quit the fishing trade,
“ And chuse some other, where the gains
“ Are sure, and come for half the pains.
“ Like creatures of amphibious nature
“ One hour on land, and three on water ;
“ We live ’midst danger, toil, and care,
“ Yet never have a groat to spare ;
“ While others, not expos’d to harm,
“ Grow rich, though always dry and warm ;
“ This treasure will suffice, and more,
“ To place me handsomely on shore,
“ In some snug manor ; now a swain,
“ My steers shall turn the furrow’d plain,
“ While on a mountain’s grassy side
“ My flocks are past’ring far and wide :
“ Beside all this, I’ll have a seat
“ Convenient, elegant, and neat ;
“ A house not over great nor small,
“ Three rooms, a kitchen, and a hall.
“ The offices contriv’d with care,
“ And fitted to complete a square ;
“ A garden well laid out ; a wife,
“ To double all the joys of life ;
“ With children prattling at my knees,
“ Such trifles as are sure to please.
“ Those gay designs, and twenty more,
“ I in my dream was turning o’er,

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" While you, as if you ow'd me spite,
 " Broke in and put them all to flight ;
 " Blew the whole vision into air,
 " And left me waking in despair.
 " Of late we have been poorly fed,
 " Last night went supperless to bed :
 " Yet, if I had it in my pow'r,
 " My dream to lengthen for an hour,
 " The pleasure mounts to such a sum,
 " I'd fast for fifty yet to come.
 " Therefore to bid me rise is vain,
 " I'll wink, and try to dream again."
 ' If this,' quoth GRIPUS, " is the way
 ' You choose, I've nothing more to say ;
 ' 'Tis plain that dreams of wealth will serve
 ' A person who resolves to starve ;
 ' But sure to hug a fancy'd case,
 ' That never did nor can take place,
 ' And for the pleasures it can give
 ' Neglect the trade by which we live,
 ' Is madness in its greatest height,
 ' Or I mistake the matter quite :
 ' Leave such vain fancies to the great,
 ' For folly suits a large estate :
 ' The rich may safely deal in dreams,
 ' Romantic hopes and airy schemes ;
 ' But you and I, upon my word,
 ' Such pastime cannot well afford ;
 ' And therefore, if you would be wise,
 ' Take my advice, for once, and rise.'

THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

A CONCEITED WILLOW had once the vanity
 to challenge his mighty neighbour the OAK,
 to a trial of strength. It was to be determined by
 the next storm ; and ÆOLUS was addressed by

both parties, to exert his most powerful efforts. This was no sooner asked than granted; and a violent hurricane arose: when the pliant WILLOW, bending from the blast, or shrinking under it, evaded all its force; while the generous OAK, disdaining to give way, opposed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the WILLOW began to exult, and to claim the victory: when thus the fallen OAK interrupted his exultation: "callest thou this a trial of strength? Poor wretch! "not to thy strength, but weakness; not to thy "boldly facing danger, but meanly skulking from "it, thou owest thy present safety. I am an "OAK, though fallen; thou still a WILLOW, "though unhurt: but who, except so mean a "wretch as thyself, would prefer an ignominious "life, preserved by craft or cowardice, to the "glory of meeting death in an honourable "cause?"

MORAL.

The courage of meeting death, in an honourable cause, is more commendable than any address or artifice we can make use of to evade it.

 THE BEAU AND THE VIPER.

ALL wise philosophers maintain,
 NATURE created nought in vain.
 Yet some with supercilious brow,
 Deny the truth asserted now.
 What if I show, that only man
 Appears defective in the plan!
 Say, will the sceptic lay aside
 His sneers, his arrogance, and pride?

A BEAU, imported fresh from FRANCE,
 Whose study was to dress and dance;

Who had betimes, in GALLIA's school,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a wood, one SUMMER's day,
To screen him from the scorching ray.
And as he travers'd through the grove,
Scheming of gallantry and love,
A VIPER's spiry folds were seen,
Sparkling with azure, gold and green;
The BEAU, indignant, weak, and proud,
With transport thus exclaim'd aloud—

“Avaunt, detested fiend of night!
“Thou torture to the human sight!
“To every reptile a disgrace,
“And fatal to our godlike race.
“Why were such creatures form'd as you,
“Unless to prove my doctrine true;
“That when we view this nether sphere,
“Nor wisdom nor design appear?”

The SERPENT rais'd his angry crest,
An honest zeal inflam'd his breast.
His hissings struck the FOPLING's ear,
And shook his very soul with fear.

‘Inglorious wretch!’ the VIPER cries,
‘How dare you broach infernal lies?
‘Is there, in all creation's chain,
‘A link so worthless and so vain?
‘Grant that your dress were truly thine,
‘How can your gold compare with mine?
‘Your vestments are of garter hue,
‘Mine boast a far superior blue.
‘You style me reptile in contempt,
‘You are that very reptile meant;
‘A two-legg'd thing which crawls on earth,
‘Void of utility and worth.
‘You call me fatal to your race—
‘Was ever charge so false and base?
‘You can't in all your annals find,
‘That unprovok'd we hurt mankind.

Uninjur'd men in mischief deal,
We only bite the hostile heel.
' Do we not yield our lives to feed,
And save your vile distemper'd breed?
' When leprosy pollutes your veins,
' Do not we purge the loathsome stains?
' When riot and excess prevail,
' And health and strength, and spirits fail;
' Doctors from us their aid derive,
' Hence penitential rakes revive.
' We bleed to make the caitiff's dine,
' Or drown to medicate their wine.
' You ask—my poison to what end?
' Minute philosopher, attend.
' Nature, munificent and wise,
' To all our wants adapts supplies.
' Our frames are fitted to our need,
' Hence GREYHOUNDS are endu'd with speed.
' LIONS by force their prey subdue,
' By force maintain their empire too;
' But power, although the LION's fame,
' Was never known the VIPER's claim.
' Observe, when I unroll my length—
' Say, is my structure form'd for strength?
' Doth not celerity imply
' Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
' My jaws are constituted weak,
' Hence poison lurks behind my cheek.
' As lightning quick my fangs convey
' This liquid to my wounded prey.
' The venom thus ensures my bite,
' For wounds preclude the victim's flight.
' But why this deadly juice, you cry,
' To make the wretched captive die?
' Why not possess'd of stronger jaws,
' Or arm'd like savage brutes with claws?
' Can such weak arguments persuade?
' Ask rather, why were VIPERS made?

' To me my poison's more than wealth,
 ' And to ungrateful mortals health.
 ' In this benevolent design
 ' My various organs all combine.
 ' Strike out the poison from my frame,
 ' My system were no more the same.
 ' I then should want my comforts due,
 ' Nay, lose my very being too.
 ' And you'd, as doctors all agree,
 ' A sov'reign med'cine lose in me.
 ' Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man,
 ' To censure what he cannot scan.
 ' Nor dare to charge GOD's works with ill,
 ' Since VIPERS kind designs fulfil:
 ' But give injurious scruples o'er,
 ' Be still, be humble, and adore.'

MORAL.

The folly of passing a hasty and derogatory judgment upon the noxious animals of the creation.

CELIA AND HER MIRROR.

AS there are various sorts of minds,
 So friendships are of diff'rent kinds:
 Some, constant when the object's near,
 Soon vanish if it disappear.
 Another sort, with equal flame,
 In absence will be still the same:
 Some folks a trifle will provoke,
 Their weak attachment soon is broke;
 Some great offences only move
 To change in friendship or in love.
 Affection, when it has its source
 In things that shift and change of course,
 As these diminish and decay,
 Must likewise fade and melt away.

But when 'tis of a nobler kind,
Inspir'd by rectitude of mind,
Whatever accident arrives,
It lives, and death itself survives:
Those diff'rent kinds reduc'd to two,
False friendship may be call'd and true.

In CELIA's drawing-room of late
Some female friends were met to chat;
Where, after much discourse had past:
A portrait grew the theme at last:
'Twas CELIA's, you must understand,
And by a celebrated hand.
Says one, "that picture sure must strike,
" In all respects it is so like:
" Your very features, shape, and air
" Express'd believe me to a hair:
" The price I'm sure could not be small"—
" Just fifty guineas, frame and all—
" That MIRROR there is wond'rous fine,
" I own the bauble cost me nine;
" I'm fairly cheated you may swear,
" For never was a thing so dear:
" Dear," quoth the LOOKING-GLASS, and spoke,
" Madam, it would a saint provoke:
" Must that same gaudy thing be own'd
" A pennyworth at fifty pound;
" While I at nine am reckon'd dear,
" 'Tis what I never thought to hear.
" Let both our merits now be try'd,
" This fair assembly shall decide;
" And I will prove it to your face,
" That you are partial in the case.
" I give a likeness far more true
" Than any artist ever drew:
" And what is vastly more, express
" Your whole variety of dress:
" From morn to noon, from noon to night,
" I watch each change and paint it right;
" Besides, I'm mistress of the art,
" Which conquers and secures a heart.

" I teach you how to use those arms,
 " That vary and assist your charms,
 " And in the triumphs of the fair,
 " Claim half the merit for my share :
 " So when the truth is fairly told,
 " I'm worth at least my weight in gold ;
 " But that vain thing of which you speak,
 " Becomes quite useless in a week.
 " For, though it had no other vice,
 " 'Tis out of fashion in a trice,
 " The cap is chang'd, the cloak, the gown ;
 " It must no longer stay in town ?
 " But goes in course to hide a wall
 " With others in our country-hall."

The MIRROR thus:—the NYMPH reply'd,
 ' Your merit cannot be deny'd :
 ' The portrait too, I must confess,
 ' In some respects has vastly less.
 ' But you yourself will freely grant
 ' That it has virtues which you want.
 ' 'Tis certain that you can express
 ' My shape, my features, and my dress.
 ' Not just as well, but better too
 ' Than KNELLER ONCE or RAMSAY NOW.
 ' But that same image in your heart
 ' Which thus excels the painter's art,
 ' The shortest absence can deface,
 ' And put a monkey's in its place :
 ' That other, which the canvass bears,
 ' Unchang'd and constant, lasts for years,
 ' Would keep its lustre and its bloom
 ' Though it were here and I at ROME.
 ' When age and sickness shall invade
 ' Those youthful charms and make them fade,
 ' You'll soon perceive it, and reveal
 ' What partial friendship should conceal :
 ' You'll tell me in your usual way,
 ' Of furrow'd cheeks and locks grown grey ;
 ' Your gen'rous rival, not so cold,
 ' Will ne'er suggest that I am old ;

' Nor mark when time and slow-disease
' Has stol'n the graces won't to please;
' But keep my image to be seen
' In the full blossom of sixteen:
' Bestowing freely all the praise
' I merited in better days.
' You will (when I am turn'd to dust,
' For beauties die, as all things must,
' And you remember but by seeing)
' Forget that e'er I had a being;
' But in that picture I shall live,
' My charms shall death itself survive,
' And, figur'd by the pencil there,
' Tell that your mistress once was fair.
' Weigh each advantage and defect,
' The portrait merits most respect:
' Your qualities would recommend
' A servant rather than a friend;
' But service sure in ev'ry case,
' To friendship yields the higher place.'

THE BEAR AND THE TWO FRIENDS.

TWO FRIENDS, setting out together upon a journey which led through a dangerous forest, mutually promised to assist each other, if they should happen to be assaulted. They had not proceeded far, before they perceived a BEAR making towards them with great rage. There were no hopes in flight: but one of them, being very active, sprung up into a tree; upon which the other, throwing himself flat on the ground, held his breath, and pretended to be dead; remembering to have heard it asserted this creature will not prey upon a dead carcase. The BEAR came up, and after smelling to him some time, left him, and went on. When he was fairly out of sight and hearing, the hero from the tree calls out—"Well,

“ my friend, what said the BEAR? He seemed to
 “ whisper you very closely.” ‘ He did so,’ re-
 plied the other, ‘ and gave me this good piece of
 ‘ advice;—never to associate with a wretch, who
 ‘ in the hour of danger will desert his friend.’

MORAL.

Cowards are incapable of true friendship.

THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

WHEN sons of FORTUNE ride on high,
 How do we point the admiring eye!
 With foolish face of wonder gaze,
 And often covet what we praise.
 How do we partial nature chide,
 As deaf to every son beside!
 Or censure the mistaken dame,
 As if her optics were to blame!
 Thus we deem nature most unkind,
 Or what’s as bad, we deem her blind.

But when inferior ranks we see,
 Who move in humbler spheres than we;
 Men by comparisons are taught,
 Nature is not so much in fault.
 Yet mark my tale—the poet’s pen
 Shall vindicate her ways to men.

Within a garden, far from town,
 There dwelt a SNAIL of high renown;
 Who by tradition, as appears,
 Had been a tenant several years.
 She spent her youth in wisdom’s page—
 Hence honour’d and rever’d in age.
 Do SNAILS at any time contend,
 Insult a neighbour or a friend;
 Dispute their property and share,
 Or in a cherry or a pear?
 No lord chief justice all agree,
 So able, and so just as she!

Which ever way their causes went,
 All parties came away content.
 At length she found herself decay,
 DEATH sent memento's every day.
 Her drooping strength sustains no more
 The shell which on her back she bore.
 The eye had lost its visual art,
 The heavy ear refus'd its part;
 The teeth perform'd their office ill,
 And every member fail'd her will.
 But no defects in mind appear,
 Her intellects are strong and clear.
 Thus when his glorious course is run,
 How brightly shines the setting SUN!

The news through all the garden spread,
 The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
 Cheerful she rais'd her voice aloud,
 And thus address'd the weeping crowd:

“ My friends, I'm hast'ning to the grave,
 “ And know, nor plum nor peach can save.
 “ Yes, to those mansions go I must,
 “ Where our good fathers sleep in dust.
 “ Nor am I backward to explore
 “ That gloomy vale they trod before.
 “ 'Gainst fate's decree what can I say?
 “ Like other SNAILS I've had my day.
 “ Full many SUMMER suns I've seen,
 “ And now die grateful and serene.

“ If men the higher pow'rs arraign,
 “ Shall we adopt the plaintive strain?
 “ Nature, profuse to us and ours,
 “ Hath kindly built these stately tow'rs;
 “ Where, when the skies in night are drest,
 “ Secure from ev'ry ill we rest,
 “ Survey our curious structure well—
 “ How firm, and yet how light our shell!
 “ Our refuge, when cold storms invade;
 “ And in the dog-days heat our shade.
 “ Thus when we see a fleeter race,
 “ We'll not lament our languid pace.

- " Do dangers rise, or foes withstand?
 " Are not our castles close at hand?
 " For let a SNAIL at distance roam,
 " The happy SNAIL is still at home.
 " Survey our gardens blest retreats—
 " Oh! what a paradise of sweets!
 " With what variety is't stor'd!
 " Unnumber'd dainties spread our board.
 " The plums assume their glossy blue,
 " And cheeks of nectarines glow for you;
 " Peaches their lovely blush betray,
 " And apricots their gold display;
 " While for your beverage, when you dine,
 " There streams the nectar of the vine.
 " Be not my dying words forgot,
 " Depart, contented with your lot;
 " Repress complaints when they begin,
 " Ingratitude's a crying sin.
 " And hold it for a truth, that we
 " Are quite as blest as SNAILS should be."
 The GARDENER hears with great surprise
 This sage discourse, and thus he cries:—
 " Oh! what a thankless wretch am I,
 " Who pass ten thousand favours by!
 " I blame, whene'er the linnet sings,
 " My want of song, or want of wings.
 " The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
 " Reminds me of deficient sight.
 " And when the gen'rous steed I view,
 " Is not his strength my envy too?
 " I thus at birds and beasts repine,
 " And wish their various talents mine.
 " Fool as I am, who cannot see
 " Reason is more than all to me.
 " My landlord boasts a large estate,
 " Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
 " What! shall these lures bewitch my eye?
 " Shall they extort the mum'ring sigh?
 " Say, he enjoys superior wealth—
 " Is not my better portion, health?

' Before the sun has gilt the skies,
' Returning labour bids me rise;
' Obedient to the hunter's horn,
' He quits his couch at early morn.
' By want compell'd, I dig the soil,
' His is a voluntary toil.
' For truth it is, since ADAM's fall,
' His sons must labour one and all.
' No man's exempted by his purse,
' Kings are included in the curse.
' Would monarchs relish what they eat?
' 'Tis toil that makes the manchet sweet;
' Nature enacts, before they're fed,
' That prince and peasant earn their bread.
' Hence wisdom and experience show,
' That bliss in equal currents flow;
' That happiness is still the same,
' Howe'er ingredients change their name.
' Nor doth this theme our search defy,
' 'Tis level to the human eye.
' Distinctions introduc'd by men,
' Bewilder and obscure our ken.
' I'll store these lessons in my heart,
' And cheerful act my proper part.
' If sorrows rise, as sorrows will,
' I'll stand resign'd to every ill;
' Convinc'd, that wisely every pack
' Is suited to the bearer's back.'

MORAL.

That happiness is much more equally distributed than the generality of mankind are apprised of.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
 'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
 Of each condition sort and size,
 From whales and elephants to flies,
 A creature that mistakes his plan,
 And errs so constantly as man.
 Each kind pursues his proper good,
 And seeks for pleasure, rest and food,
 As nature points, and never errs
 In what it chooses and prefers:
 Man only blunders, though possess
 Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances and try;
 An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
 Or leave his pasture in the wood
 With fishes to explore the flood.
 Man only acts, of every creature,
 In opposition to his nature.
 The happiness of human-kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
 And passions practis'd to obey;
 An open and a gen'rous heart,
 Refin'd from selfishness and art;
 Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
 And wisdom never sad nor sour:
 In these consists our proper bliss;
 Else PLATO reasons much amiss:
 But foolish mortals still pursue
 False happiness in place of true;
 Ambition serves us for a guide,
 Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
 While reason no assent can gain,
 And revelation warns in vain.
 Hence through our lives in ev'ry stage,
 From infancy itself to age,

A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
You'll ask me, why I thus rehearse
All *EPICETUS* in my verse;
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
I'll take the hint and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh,
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This *BUMPKIN* had it seems been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the *RAINBOW* meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the *RAINBOW* seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue;
At last through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,

It led the easy fool, till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight;
 And left him to compute his gains,
 With nought but labour for his pains.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

PHŒBUS and ÆOLUS had once a dispute which of them could soonest prevail with a certain traveller to part with his cloak. ÆOLUS began the attack, and assaulted him with great violence. But the man wrapping his cloak still closer about him, doubled his efforts to keep it, and went on his way. And now, PHŒBUS darted his warm insinuating rays, which melting the traveller by degrees, at length obliged him to throw aside that cloak, which all the rage of ÆOLUS could not compel him to resign. Learn hence, said PHŒBUS to the blustering god, that soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect.

MORAL.

Gentle means, on many occasions, are more effectual than violent ones.

THE FARMER AND THE HORSE.

“ ’TIS a vain world, and all things show it,
 “ I thought so once, but now I know it.”
 Ah! GAY! is thy poetic page
 The child of disappointed age?
 Talk not of threescore years and ten,
 For what avails our knowledge then?
 But grant, that this experienc’d truth
 Were ascertain’d in early youth;
 Reader, what benefit would flow?
 I vow I’m at a loss to know;
 The world alarms the human breast,
 Because in savage colours drest.

'Tis treated with invective style,
 And stands impeach'd of fraud and guile.
 All in this heavy charge agree—
 But who's in fault—the world or we?
 The question's serious, short, and clear,
 The answer claims our patient ear.
 Yet if this office you decline—
 With all my heart—the task be mine.
 I'm certain if I do my best,
 Your candour will excuse the rest.

A FARMER, with a pensive brow,
 One morn accompanied his plough.
 The larks their cheerful matins sung,
 The woods with answering music rung;
 The sun display'd his golden ray,
 And nature hail'd the rising day.
 But still the PEASANT all the while
 Refus'd to join the general smile.
 He, like his fathers long before,
 Resembled much the JEWS of yore;
 Whose murmurs, impious, weak, and vain,
 Nor quails nor manna could restrain.

Did accidental dearth prevail?
 How prone to tell his piteous tale!
 Pregnant with joys did plenty rise?
 How prone to blame indulgent skies!
 Thus ever ready to complain,
 For plenty sinks the price of grain.

At length he spake:—"Ye powers divine,
 " Was ever lot so hard as mine?
 " From infant life an arrant slave,
 " Close to the confines of the grave.
 " Have not I follow'd my employ
 " Near threescore winters, man and boy!
 " But since I call'd this farm my own,
 " What scenes of sorrow have I known!
 " Alas! if all the truth were told,
 " Hath not the rot impair'd my fold?

- " Hath not the measles seiz'd my swine?
" Hath not the murrain slain my kine?
" Or say that horses be my theme,
" Hath not the staggers thinn'd my team?
" Have not a thousand ills beside
" Depriv'd my stable of its pride?
" When I survey my lands around,
" What thorns and thistles spread my ground!
" Doth not the grain my hopes beguile,
" And mildews mock the thresher's toil?
" However poor the harvests past!
" What so deficient as the last?
" But though nor blasts nor mildews rise,
" My turnips are destroy'd by flies;
" My sheep are pin'd to such degree,
" That not a butcher comes to me.
" Seasons are chang'd from what they were,
" And hence too foul, or hence too fair.
" Now scorching heat and drought annoy,
" And now returning showers destroy.
" Thus have I pass'd my better years,
" 'Midst disappointments, cares, and tears.
" And now, when I compute my gains,
" What have I reap'd for all my pains?
" Oh! had I known in manhood's prime
" These slow convictions wrought by time;
" Would I have brav'd the various woes
" Of SUMMER suns, and WINTER SNOWS?
" Would I have tempted every sky,
" So wet, so windy, or so dry,
" With all the elements at strife?
" Ah! no—I then had plann'd a life,
" Where wealth attends the middle stage,
" And rest and comfort wait on age.
" Where rot and murrain ne'er commence,
" Nor pastures burn at my expence;
" Nor injur'd cows their wants bewail,
" Nor dairies mourn the milkless pail;

" Nor barns lament the blasted grain,

" Nor cattle curse the barren plain."

DUN hobbled by his master's side,

And thus the sober brute reply'd :

' Look through your team, and where's the steed

' Who dares dispute with me his breed ?

' Few horses trace their lineage higher,

' GODOLPHIN'S ARAB was my sire ;

' My dam was sprung from PANTON'S stud,

' My grandam boasted CHILDERS' blood ;

' But ah ! it now avails me not

' By what illustrious chief begot !

' Spavins pay no regard to birth,

' And failing vision sinks my worth.

' The 'squire, when he disgusted grew,

' Transferr'd his property to you.

' And since poor DUN became your own,

' What scenes of sorrow have I known !

' Hath it not been my constant toil

' To drag the plough and turn the soil ?

' Are not my bleeding shoulders wrung

' By large and weighty loads of dung ?

' When the shorn meadows claim your care,

' And fragrant cocks perfume the air ;

' When CERES' ripen'd fruits abound,

' And plenty waves her sheaves around ;

' True to my collar, home I bear

' The treasures of the fruitful year.

' And though this drudgery be mine,

' You never heard me once repine.

' Yet what rewards have crown'd my days ?

' I'm grudg'd the poor reward of praise.

' For oats, small gratitude I owe,

' Beans were untasted joys, you know.

' And now I'm hast'ning to my end,

' Past services can find no friend.

' Infirmities, disease, and age,

' Provoke my surly driver's rage.

' Look to my wounded flanks, you'll see

' No horse was ever us'd like me.

‘ But now I eat my meals with pain,
‘ Averse to masticate the grain.
‘ Hence you direct, at night and morn,
‘ That chaff accompany my corn;
‘ For husks, although my teeth be few,
‘ Force my reluctant jaws to chew.
‘ What then? of life shall I complain,
‘ And call it fleeting, false, and vain?
‘ Against the world shall I inveigh,
‘ Because my grinders now decay?
‘ You think it were the wiser plan,
‘ Had I consorted ne’er with man;
‘ Had I my liberty maintain’d,
‘ Or liberty by flight regain’d,
‘ And rang’d o’er distant hills and dales
‘ With the wild foresters of WALES.
‘ Grant I succeeded to my mind—
‘ Is happiness to hills confin’d!
‘ Don’t famine oft erect her throne
‘ Upon the rugged mountain’s stone?
‘ And don’t the lower pastures fail,
‘ When snows descending choke the vale?
‘ Or who so hardy to declare
‘ Disease and death ne’er enter there?
‘ Do pains or sickness here invade?
‘ Man tenders me his cheerful aid.
‘ For who beholds his hungry beast,
‘ But grants him some supply at least?
‘ Int’rest shall prompt him to pursue
‘ What inclination would not do.
‘ Say, had I been the desert’s foal,
‘ Through life estrang’d to man’s controul;
‘ What service had I done on earth,
‘ Or who could profit by my birth?
‘ My back had ne’er sustain’d thy weight,
‘ My chest ne’er known thy waggon’s freight;
‘ But now my several powers combine
‘ To answer nature’s ends and thine.
‘ I’m useful thus in ev’ry view—
‘ Oh! could I say the same of you!

' Superior evils had ensu'd,
' With prescience had I been endu'd.
' Ills, though at distance seen, destroy,
' Or sicken ev'ry present joy;
' We relish every new delight,
' When future griefs elude our sight.
' To blindness then what thanks are due!
' It makes each single comfort two.
' The colt, unknown to pain and toil,
' Anticipates to-morrow's smile;
' Yon lamb enjoys the present hour,
' As stranger to the butcher's power.
' Your's is a wild UTOPIAN scheme,
' A boy would blush to own your dream.
' Be your profession what it will,
' No province is exempt from ill.
' Quite from the cottage to the throne,
' Stations have sorrows of their own.
' Why should a peasant then explore
' What longer heads ne'er found before?
' Go, preach my doctrine to your son,
' By your's, the lad would be undone.
' But whether he regards or not,
' Your lecture would be soon forgot.
' The hopes which gull'd the parent's breast,
' Ere long will make his son their jest.
' Though now these cobweb cheats you spurn,
' Yet every man's a dupe in turn.
' And wisely so ordain'd, indeed,
' (Whate'er philosophers may plead.
' Else life would stagnate at its source,
' And MAN and HORSE decline the course.
' Then bid young RALPHO never mind it,
' But take the world as he shall find it.'

MORAL.

That the complaints of mankind, against their
several stations and provinces in life, are often
trivious, and always unwarrantable.

THE

GRASSHOPPER AND THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN ignorance possess'd the schools,
 And reign'd by ARISTOTLE's rules;
 Ere VERULAM, like dawning light,
 Rose to dispel the GOTHIC night:
 A man was taught to shut his eyes,
 And grow abstracted to be wise.
 Nature's broad volume fairly spread,
 Where all true science might be read,
 The wisdom of th' ETERNAL MIND,
 Declar'd and publish'd to mankind,
 Was quite neglected, for the whims
 Of mortals and their airy dreams:
 By narrow principles and few,
 By hasty maxims, oft untrue,
 By words and phrases ill-defin'd,
 Evasive truth they hop'd to bind;
 Which still escap'd them, and the elves
 At last caught nothing but themselves.
 Nor is this folly modern quite,
 'Tis ancient too; the Stagyrite
 Improv'd at first, and taught his school
 By rules of art to play the fool.
 Ev'n PLATO, from example bad,
 Would oft turn sophist, and run mad:
 Make SOCRATES himself discourse
 Like CLARKE and LEIBNITZ, oft times worse;
 'Bout quirks and subtilties contending,
 Beyond all human comprehending.
 From some strange bias men pursue
 False knowledge still in place of true,
 Build airy systems of their own,
 This moment rais'd, the next pull'd down;
 While few attempt to catch those rays
 Of truth which nature still displays
 Throughout the universal plan,
 From moss and mushrooms up to man.

M. This sure were better, but we hate
To borrow when we can create;
And therefore stupidly prefer
Our own conceits, by which we err,
To all the wisdom to be gain'd
From nature and her laws explain'd.

One ev'ning, when the sun was set,
A GRASSHOPPER and GLOW-WORM met
Upon a hillock in a dale,
As MAB the fairy tells the tale:
Vain and conceited of his spark,
Which brighten'd as the night grew dark,
The shining reptile swell'd with pride
To see his rays on every side,
Mark'd by a circle on the ground
Of livid light, some inches round.

Quoth he, "if GLOW-WORMS never shone,
"To light the earth when day is gone,
"In spite of all the stars that burn,
"Primeval darkness would return:
"They're less and dimmer, one may see,
"Besides much farther off than we;
"And therefore through a long descent
"Their light is scatter'd quite and spent:
"While ours, compacter and at hand,
"Keeps night and darkness at a stand,
"Diffus'd around in many a ray,
"Whose brightness emulates the day."

This pass'd, and more without dispute,
The patient GRASSHOPPER was mute:
But soon the east began to glow
With light appearing from below,
And level from the ocean's streams
The MOON emerging shot her beams,
To gild the mountains and the woods,
And shake and glitter on the floods.
The GLOW-WORM, when he found his light
Grow pale, and faint, and vanish quite,
Before the MOON's prevailing ray,
Began his envy to display.

" That globe," quoth he, " which seems so fair,
 " Which brightens all the earth and air,
 " And sends its beams so far abroad,
 " Is nought, believe me, but a clod ;
 " A thing, which, if the sun were gone,
 " Has no more light in't than a stone,
 " Subsisting merely by supplies
 " From PHŒBUS in the nether skies:
 " My light, indeed, I must confess,
 " On some occasions will be less ;
 " But spite itself will hardly say
 " I'm debtor for a single ray ;
 " 'Tis all my own, and on the score
 " Of merit mounts to ten times more
 " Than any planet can demand
 " For light dispens'd at second hand."

To hear the paltry insect boast
 The GRASSHOPPER all patience lost.

Quoth he, ' my friend, it may be so,
 ' The MOON with borrow'd light may glow ;
 ' That your faint glimm'ring is your own,
 ' I think is question'd yet by none :
 ' But sure the office to collect
 ' The solar brightness and reflect,
 ' To catch those rays that would be spent
 ' Quite useless in the firmament,
 ' And turn them downwards on the shade
 ' Which absence of the SUN has made,
 ' Amounts to more, in point of merit,
 ' Than all your tribe did e'er inherit :
 ' Oft by that planet's friendly ray
 ' The midnight traveller finds his way ;
 ' Safe by the favour of his beams
 ' 'Midst precipices, lakes, and streams ;
 ' While you mislead him, and your light,
 ' Seen like a cottage lamp by night,
 ' With hopes to find a safe retreat,
 ' Allures and tempts him to his fate :
 ' As this is so, I needs must call
 ' The merit of your light but small:

fair,

' You need not boast on't, though your own;
 ' 'Tis light, indeed, but worse than none;
 ' Unlike to what the MOON supplies,
 ' Which you call borrow'd, and despise.'

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION by accident laid his paw upon a poor innocent MOUSE. The frighted little creature imagining she was just going to be devoured, begged hard for her life, urged that clemency was the fairest attribute of power, and earnestly intreated his majesty not to stain his illustrious paws with the blood of so insignificant an animal; upon which the LION very generously set her at liberty. It happened a few days afterwards, that the LION, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter. The MOUSE heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, and immediately repairing to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net, and by delivering her preserver, convinced him that there is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.

MORAL.

We may all need the assistance of our inferiors; and should by no means consider the meanest among them as wholly incapable of returning an obligation.

THE CROW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

CONTAINING AN USEFUL HINT TO THE CRITICS.

IN ancient times, tradition says,
 When birds like men would strive for praise;
 The BULFINCH, NIGHTINGALE, and THRUSH,
 With all that chant from tree or bush,

T

Would often meet in song to vie ;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The knack to criticise by rote :
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as critics now-a-days :
Some say, he learn'd them from an OWL,
By list'ning where he taught a school.
'Tis strange to tell, this subtle creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the public taste.
Then puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticis'd ;
What he approv'd not, was despis'd .
But one false step in evil hour
For ever stript him of his pow'r.
Once when the birds assembled sat,
All list'ning to his formal chat ;
By instinct nice he chanc'd to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And RAVENS hardly can refrain
From croaking when they think of rain ;
His wonted song he sung : the blunder
Amaz'd and scar'd them worse than thunder ;
For no one thought so harsh a note
Could ever sound from any throat :
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes :
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in ev'ry face.
All this the RAVEN saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.

Quoth he, " The solo which ye heard,
In public should not have appear'd :

" The trifle of an idle hour,
 " To please my mistress once when sour :
 " My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
 " Might chance the melody to wrong ;
 " But, try'd by rules, you'll find the grounds
 " Most perfect and harmonious sounds."
 He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
 At every word the laugh grew double :
 At last o'ercome with shame and spite,
 He flew away quite out of sight.

 DRYOPE.

SHE said, and for her lost GALANTHIS sighs,
 When the fair consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all OECHALIA could compare
 For beauteous form with DRYOPE the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom DELPHI and the DELIAN isle obey,
 ANDRÆMON lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
 And to the NAIADS flowery garlands brought ;
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
 Not distant far, a watery LOTOS grows ;
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the TYRIAN dye :
 Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son ;
 And I myself the same rash act had done,

But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
LOTIS, the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from PRIAPUS' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child AMPHISSUS, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold ANDRÆMON and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their DRYOPE inquire ;
A springing tree for DRYOPE they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind,
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,

And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:

If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey! }
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle; or the piercing steel.
Farewel! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice,
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG.

A LARK having built her nest in a field of corn, it grew ripe before her young were well able to fly. Apprehensive of their safety, she enjoined them, while she went out in order to provide for their subsistence, to listen very attentively to any discourse they might hear about reaping the field. At her return, they told her, that the farmer and his son had been there, and had agreed to send to some of their neighbours, to assist them in cutting it down the next day. "And so they depend, it seems, upon 'neighbours,'" said the mother; "very well: then 'I think we have no occasion to be afraid of to-morrow.'" The next day she went out, and left with them the same injunction as before. When she returned, they acquainted her, that the farmer and his son had again been there, but as none of their neighbours came to their assistance, they had deferred reaping till the next day, and intended to send for help to their friends and relations. "I 'think we may still venture another day,'" says the mother; "but, however, be careful, as before, 'to let me know what passes in my absence.'" They now informed her, that the farmer and his son had a third time visited the field; and, finding that neither friend nor relation had regarded their summons, they were determined to come the next morning, and cut it down themselves. "Nay, 'then,'" replied the LARK, "it is time to think 'of removing: for, as they now depend only upon 'themselves for doing their own business, it will 'undoubtedly be performed.'"

MORAL.

We should rely principally upon our own diligence in matters that concern ourselves alone.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like LOVE, is but a name,

Unless to one you stint the flame;
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A HARE, who in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the HORSE appear'd in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

"You know my feet betray my flight.

"To friendship every burden's light,"

The HORSE reply'd, 'Poor honest PUSS,

It grieves my heart to see thee thus.

Be comforted, relief is near;

For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately BULL implor'd;

And thus reply'd the mighty lord:

"Since ev'ry beast alive can tell

"That I sincerely wish you well,

" I may, without offence, pretend
" To take the freedom of a friend.
" Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
" Expects me near yon barley-mow;
" And when a lady's in the case,
" You know, all other things give place.
" To leave you thus might seem unkind;
" But see, the GOAT is just behind."

The GOAT remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head her heavy eye;
' My back,' says he, ' may do you harm;
' The SHEEP's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The SHEEP was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat SHEEP as well as HARES.

She now the trotting CALF address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd:

" Shall I," says he, " of tender age,
" In this important care engage?
" Older and abler pass'd you by;
" How strong are those! how weak am I!
" Should I presume to bear you hence,
" Those friends of mine may take offence.
" Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
" But dearest friends, alas! must part.
" How shall we all lament! Adieu!
" For see the hounds are just in view."

FINIS.



